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The Week

LIBERALS who had faith in "the other France" had to stand a good deal of derision in the months preceding the election. There was no other France; Poincaré was the Gallic spirit personified, we were assured again and again by men who had lived long in Paris and were in a position to know. As the election results showed, they were wrong. There is another France, and what is more, it has come into power. It is a France which is as liberal as the present position of the nation permits. As we pointed out in our last issue, it inherits from the régime of Poincaré expectations and hatreds that limit its action narrowly, yet its tendency is toward larger and more generous conceptions of the national interest. The new régime in France will continue to befriend the states of the Little Entente and Poland, but it will not force loans upon them to equip armies for the maintenance of French hegemony. It will not rush to the arms of Soviet Russia, but neither will it refuse to deal with Russia on a reasonable basis. It will try to collect as much money from Germany as it can, but it will not present wholly impossible demands with the definite purpose of placing Germany in default and proceeding on that pretext to plunge her into deeper ruin. It will try to improve the financial position of France, but not by turning her over, bound hand and foot, to the financiers.

WHILE the liberalism of "the other France," is genuine and the policies it would naturally pursue are salutary, we ought not to be over-optimistic about the extent to which it will be able to realize its ideals. The parties of the left on which the next government must depend for support are seriously divided. They are united in opposition to Poincaré and the Bloc National, but on hardly anything else. The extreme left, indeed, prides itself on its political unaccountability. It is therefore to be expected that a government headed by Herriot or Briand or Painlevé will seek to enlist enough of the group to the right of the centre to maintain independence of the extreme left. This would involve compromise. It might even involve so many compromises that the new French policy would be hardly distinguishable from the old. This is pretty certain to be the case unless the new government can point to greatly improved relations among the Allies as a result of the adoption of liberal policies. The American government, by welcoming the new régime wholeheartedly and emphasizing America's readiness to join in the financial reconstruction of a Europe delivered from oppression and dreams of revenge, could go far toward solidifying the position of French liberalism.

AMONG the reforms promised by the victors in the elections is the reduction in military service from eighteen months to nine. Such a reduction would save the government a billion francs a year. It would save the nation much more than that, if the time of the young men subject to military service is worth anything. How much would it weaken the national defence? Hardly at all, we believe. The men in active military service are nothing more than a first line of defence. The main reliance, in time of war, falls on the reservists, men who have gone through the compulsory term of military service. Nine months would be fully adequate to

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train a man for his place in the reserve, if the military authorities could get over their propensity to waste time. If the reform is put through there will be a great outcry in military circles. The Socialists and Liberals will be violently denounced as traitors to France. But the effect on the general European situation will be excellent. The reduction in the number of men under the colors will be taken as evidence that France is turning away from militarism and preparing to resume her proper place in civilization.

IN any other country but France it would be a sheer impossibility for a statesman who had been tried and convicted on charges barely distinguishable from treason to come back to a position of influence. That is what Caillaux has done. Herriot, who will have a chance at the premiership if he wants it, was bitterly attacked by the Bloc National as a mere lieutenant of Caillaux, and while this was an exaggeration of the relationship, there is little doubt that Herriot owes much to Caillaux. It appears probable that the new parliament will grant amnesty to political prisoners, in which case Caillaux's exile will be ended and he will appear again in Paris at the head of a powerful faction. Whether he ever gets back into the government will then depend chiefly on himself. If he retains his old capacity for forming combinations and dramatizing political issues he is not at all unlikely to force himself into the ministry once more. This may not be desirable from some points of view. But Europe needs now, more than anything else, statesmen who are good Europeans, interested in the whole of European civilization. And Caillaux is a better European than most.

THE capacity of the newspaper-reading public to be shocked quickly becomes exhausted. Were this not the case, such revelations as were made before the Wheeler committee last week would have resulted in black headlines, instead of being passed over by most of the press as a matter of routine. George Remus, a Cincinnati bootlegger, declared that in the course of his operations he had paid Jesse Smith, Attorney-General Daugherty's intimate friend and companion, between $250,000 and $300,000 to purchase immunity from arrest, on the assumption and with the assurance from Smith that this protection came from the Attorney-General himself. On the following day, the committee heard the details in the case of Dave Gershon, a former Department of Justice representative. Gershon has made the charge that E. L. Doheny financed the abortive Mexican revolution in 1921 and that Secretary Fall helped arrange the details. The record shows, incidentally, that ammunition intended for Mexico was seized in California in that year and that it was subsequently ordered released by W. J. Burns. It was Burns who on being informed by L. C. Wheeler, Department of Justice representative at Los Angeles, that Gershon planned to make his knowledge public, replied with a letter on *May 3, 1924*, demanding that he be prosecuted at once, and vigorously. Burns, at least, is one member of the Daugherty crowd who went down with his colors flying. He kept up until the last moment the policies which made his ousting a matter of public necessity.

THE State of Montana is today on trial before the nation on a charge of having loaned its legal machinery to a brazen conspiracy against Senator Burton K. Wheeler for the purpose of blackmailing him into halting the investigation of the Department of Justice. The Senate committee which has been investigating the indictment has declared, only one member dissenting, that Senator Wheeler has not been guilty of any violation of the law which prohibits a member of Congress from appearing before a federal department on behalf of a client. The indictment against him, however, still stands; and the state of Montana owes it to Senator Wheeler, itself and the nation to proceed as promptly as possible to a trial, and to see that its absolute fairness is beyond anybody's doubt. Whatever the outcome of this trial, however—and there can be very few who seriously doubt that Senator Wheeler will be vindicated—some facts have already been established beyond any dispute. We know that George B. Lockwood, of the Republican National Committee sent a paid spy to Montana in the effort to find something in Senator Wheeler's record which could be used to force him into silence. We know that W. J. Burns, of the Department of Justice, assigned some of his own detectives to aid in this sorry quest. These are stains on the honor of the Republican party and that of the Department of Justice which cannot and will not be forgotten in a hurry.

THE Standing Committee on the State of the Church at a recent meeting of Methodists in Springfield, Massachusetts, reached one revolutionary decision. It recommended to the Methodist Espiscopal General Conference the adoption of a resolution which would place the Methodist church as a body in opposition to all future war. The resolution declared for "the right and responsibility of the church to utter moral judgment concerning the nature of war; for the freedom of the individual member of the church to follow the dictates of his own conscience whether as an individual he can support or engage in war; for an educational campaign which shall seek to reveal to all our people the nature, causes and consequences of war; for the removal of the causes of war, such as selfish nationalism, economic imperialism, and militarism; and for the establishment of world law and order by outlawing war, by establishing and codifying international law, by immediately entering the Permanent Court of International Justice and by securing

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the participation of the United States in an effective association of nations." If this resolution is accepted by the Methodist church, and if Methodists act upon it when the American government next declares war, a conflict is certain to ensue between the Methodist church and the state which may profoundly affect the future relationship between politics and religion in America.

IF the Methodist church had adopted this resolution previous to the declaration of war against Germany what would have been the result? It would not have meant that individual Methodists would have been obliged, if they remained in the communion of their church, to refuse to enlist or work on behalf of the war, as in the case of the Quakers, for the basis of the resolution is freedom of individual conscience. But the Methodist church as a corporate body could not have actively supported the war, and if any member of the church had refused to serve, if drafted, he would have been sustained in his refusal by the counsel and the authority of his Christian communion. To that extent the Methodist church would have challenged the authority of the state and would have incurred the kind of suspicion, abuse and persecution which during the recent war was bestowed upon all people who sympathized with and abetted conscientious objectors. They would have been accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and of being faithless to their country during a period in which its safety hung in the balance. There are not very many individual Methodists who could have withstood pressure of this kind. Membership in the church is usually considered to be a badge of respectability rather than an invitation to become or to support political and social outcasts. But it is this fact which makes the adoption of the resolution all the more important. The clergymen who voted for it must have known that if and when they acted upon it they would be involved in a collision with the most headstrong and ruthless passions which move the citizens of a modern state.

MANY of the weightiest newspaper writers on public affairs agree in pronouncing President Coolidge's veto message on the bonus a masterly public document. Why masterly? Because its conclusions agree with those of the writers above mentioned. From any other point of view the message is rather a spotty performance. It argues, justly, that military service is a patriotic duty, and its performance does not establish a claim to indefinite payments out of the Treasury. It denies—again justly—that the able-bodied veterans are a specially handicapped class, needing gratuities from the government. But it does not answer the argument that in a war whose outcome depended on industrial effort as much as on the operations in the field, the "soldiers on the home front"—the industrial workers, the business concerns suppling the requirements of war, the lenders of money—were permitted to enjoy war wages, profits and interest while the enlisted men in the field or in camp were stayed with pittances. The President minimizes the good the bonus would do the individual veteran and exaggerates the injury it would do the tax payers, by the somewhat tricky method of measuring the veteran's gain by the annual payment and the tax payer's burden by the aggregate of the payments under the bill. His message assumes without further ado that the income tax payer's desire to be relieved of his tax burden is holy and the veteran's desire for a bonus is profane. It gravely argues that the veteran will lose more, directly and indirectly, through the taxes falling on another class than he will gain from the bonus falling directly into his own pocket. The bill deserved a veto, but was it so bad that it deserved a laboriously uncandid message besides?

THE veto of the Bonus bill was overriden by a vote of 313 to 78 in the House, and 59 to 26 in the Senate. A rare non-partisanship in this rebuke to the President was exhibited by both Houses. In the House 145 Republicans joined with 166 Democrats and two independents to override the veto; 21 Democrats joined the 57 Republicans who voted to sustain it. In the Senate 32 Republicans and 27 Democrats combined to override the veto. If any proof were needed that President Coolidge does not possess great gifts of leadership, this vote would supply it. Optimistic Republicans are saying that the matter was shrewdly managed nevertheless. The income tax payers have an additional reason for voting for Coolidge, and the veterans are not left with a grudge against the Republicans. But this argument is too deep for us.

EVENTS of the past few weeks have illustrated clearly an important development in American political life which has received inadequate comment: the growing inability of the President, even with a theoretical majority, to control the action of Congress. Campaign promises to do this or that might well in the future be accompanied by a footnote: "This promise is to be null and void unless the candidate is elected with an overwhelming majority for his party in both Houses of Congress and unless, further, this overwhelming majority shall consist exclusively of members of his own wing of the party; and this promise shall become null and void two years from date, when experience has shown that the opposing party is almost certain to get control of Congress and prevent important legislation of any character until the succeeding presidential election." For President Coolidge, of course, the question is particularly acute. He must go before the country on the record made during the past few months, which is about as dismal as any record could be. He pinned all faith to the Mellon tax bill, and the Mellon tax bill is dead. He promised the farmers a program of relief which

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they probably will not get. The bonus has been passed over his veto. He announced his support of the World Court project, and the Republican leaders in the Senate as in the National Committee continue to regard it as anathema. If candidates were really candid, Mr. Coolidge might well make his platform: "If elected, I will run one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, and let Congress run the other."

WE do not follow Secretary Hoover's argument against publicity for income tax returns. The large corporation, he admits, has nothing to lose, because it already makes the facts of its income known to its stockholders. The small business concern, however, has something to lose. Its credit rating would come to depend on its income as revealed in the tax returns, instead of on character and reputation. A bad year which impaired its income would thus impair its credit, Mr. Hoover thinks. We cannot believe that business in America is conducted in such a slipshod fashion that a concern which conceals its true condition enjoys a better credit than it would if it reported frankly on its earnings or losses. Nor do we rate highly the ethical position of the concern that accepts credit which would not be extended if all the relevant facts were made public. We understand why a business man embarrassed by losses avoids disclosing his condition. But we cannot understand why the government should connive at what amounts to a fraud upon the creditor.

The Confusion of 1924

THE political condition of the American nation just before the conventions of 1924 is not satisfactory from the point of view of any party or any economic or social interest. Its most conspicuous trait is confusion. The different agencies of government are not working capably; neither are they working in harmony. Congress ignores the President's recommendations. The President is vetoing or proposing to veto the most important bills passed by Congress. The American people as a whole are probably more sincerely unanimous in demanding governmental economy and a reduction in taxation than any other reform, but neither they nor their political representatives can agree about the way to economize and reduce taxes. The organizations of the major parties are also suffering from an excess of friction and enervation. They are the victims rather than the masters of their own problems. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party knows its own mind. They either lack focussing and invigorating leadership or reject in practice the leader whom they theoretically acclaim. Whoever may be nominated and elected between the conventions and the first week in November, it scarcely seems possible that as the result of the election the United States will, except in matters of routine, obtain an administration which is capable of constructive responsible government.

The Republican party as the agency which is nominally conducting the government of the United States suffers more cruelly than its competitors from the effects of this confusion. In the election of 1920 it won the most overwhelming but least deserved victory in the annals of presidential politics. The American people were chagrined at the discrepancy between their expenditure upon the war in treasure, in life and in futile aspirations and the satisfaction which they received in exchange. They took out their discomfiture in voting against the late President Wilson and his party. But the Republicans had not during their eight years of opposition healed the breach within the party which lost them the election of 1912. Neither had they during the period of exclusion from office developed any positive counterpolicy of their own except in respect to the League of Nations. The flabby morale of the party was clearly revealed by the way in which the "better element" allowed an unscrupulous and self-seeking minority to "put over" the nomination of Warren G. Harding and by the subsequently complete domination in the speeches of the party leaders of the atmosphere and ideas of an atavistic McKinleyism.

Such being its moral condition the party was certain to disintegrate under the strain of office. As long as President Harding lived, his pliable and reconciling disposition maintained an appearance of unity. But after the congressional elections of 1922 an unreconciled progressive minority which exercised the balance of power in Congress brought even the appearance of Republican harmony to an end. This was the situation when in the summer of 1923, Mr. Harding died. The new President abandoned as unsuccessful the soothing tactics and started out to unify the party and improve its morale by more aggressive leadership. The policy which he chiefly emphasized for this purpose was that initiated by his Secretary of the Treasury which proposed to reduce taxes and to confer the benefit of the reduction upon the income tax payers and particularly upon those who were subject to super-taxes. His plan ignored the needs of the farmers who more than any other class in the community were suffering from economic distress. The President's insistence on the Mellon plan not only aroused the antagonism of the frank progressives but also that of many regular Republicans from the West. His leadership did, indeed, awaken great enthusiasm among the well-to-do Republicans in the industrialized states, but he paid for this increased loyalty and conviction among his supporters in the East by a still more aggressive revolt on the part of the western progressives. President Coolidge's leadership so intensified Republican dissensions that his renomination will be the signal for an open insurrection. The coalition between the agricultural west and the manufacturing east from which the power of the Republican party has always been derived has apparently come to an end. The

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present program and management of the party are the products of class and sectional leadership. To an extent unprecedented except during the days of Mark Hanna it represents the interests and expresses the psychology of organized business.

The outlook for the Democratic party is more cheerful than that for the Republicans. It stands, of course, to benefit from Republican failure, dissension and disintegration. During the present session of Congress the Democrats have deserved well of the progressives by their vigorous opposition to the Mellon tax plan and by their exposure of Republican corruption; but they have troubles of their own which threaten to neutralize the advantages of their position. They do not seem capable of producing a progressive candidate who can take full advantage of the Republican dissensions. Mr. McAdoo might have filled the bill, but it looks now as if he were fatally disqualified by his record. None of the eastern or middle western Democrats who are mentioned for the nomination, such as Ralston, Glass or Davis, could win the electoral votes of those states beyond the Mississippi which elected Mr. Wilson in 1916. In Governor Smith they have a candidate who is progressively inclined and who has a great gift for winning popular support. Aided by the nomination of a western radical for Vice-President such as Wheeler he might well be elected. His Catholic allegiance is, however, a grave embarrassment which threatens to be fatal. The increasing political activity of the Klan which, if it continues will drive a wedge in between the Democracy of the northern cities and that of the South or certain states in the Middle West may bring about the undoing of the Democracy for the coming campaign. At present it is doubtful whether the Democrats can nominate any candidate whose popularity in one section would not prove to be a fatal weakness in another. A nominee like John W. Davis who might carry a state or two in the East otherwise favorable to Coolidge would turn the discontented West over to La Follette. A candidate like Governor Sweet of Colorado who might carry some of the western states would find it difficult to pick up the stray votes in the East which would be necessary to his election.

The embarrassments of the Democrats, apart from the question of religious freedom, derive from the existence of a progressive minority chiefly Republican but partly Democratic, which has abandoned confidence in both parties. President Coolidge has definitely and deliberately widened the breach between the Republicans and their progressive associates. The latter cannot take refuge in the Democratic camp for they usually control the Republican machine in their own states, and secession to the Democrats would mean at least for a while their political extinction. They are planning at present to hold the balance of power between the two parties while at the same time remaining for certain legal purposes Republicans. They will almost certainly nominate Senator La Follette for the Presidency with the expectation of carrying enough states to throw the election into the House of Representatives. They have in our opinion a better chance of blocking an election by the Electoral College than either the Democrats or the Republicans have of effecting an election. There is an immense amount of radical economic and political discontent throughout the country which has broken away from both parties and which craves to seek satisfaction by voting for a third candidate. This discontent is we believe sufficiently deep-seated and permanent to require sooner or later the organization of a third party, but for the present the progressive politicians, as a group distinct from the majority of their voting supporters, are opposed to a third party. They are seeking during the present campaign to render government by the two existing parties impossible rather than to provide a positive substitute for it.

This confusion and the political ineptitude which follows from it is, as we point out elsewhere in this issue, similar to the condition which exists in Germany, France and Great Britain. The American people are like the British and French people becoming more and more discontented with the kind of government which they are getting from the old parties, but the discontented people are not sufficiently numerous, articulate and experienced to assume with success complete political responsibility. A nation cannot assimilate new classes into the government of the country without a period of confusion and ineptitude. Yet the existence of this disorganization supplies no sufficient reason for alarm, impatience and pessimism. The American people will not fall apart because the national parties which have done so much to overcome the sectional and class cleavages of the past seem unable to cope with the existing economic insurgency. They will after some, and perhaps many, years of experiment build up other instruments for the satisfaction of their common aspirations and needs. In the mean time politics will remain as Mr. Hughes recently complained, a good deal of a mess. The most remunerative forms of social activity will be economic, artistic, educational and scientific. Yet merely because politics will continue to be a mess, it will never do either to avoid or disparage political activity. It is the only means short of war by which a nation can adjust the relations among the rising and falling economic classes in the community. No people which aspires to control its common life can afford to neglect politics or to impute a temporary political incompetence to some hopeless popular perversity. The remedy for the confusion is not easy, but it is obvious. A political revival depends chiefly upon an increasing recognition of the relationship between the present political futility and the failure of the existing laws, education, methods of representation and party organization to permit the people who live by work to share sufficiently in the government of the country.

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A Professorial Fiasco

THE case of the University of Tennessee has exposed the vital weakness of the Association of University Professors as educational policemen. Here is an institution which last July summarily dismissed seven professors. The Association was naturally called in to exercise whatever power it has to mobilize public opinion by investigation and publication of the facts. But it turns out that it has become so rigidly committed to the scrutiny only of technical legal points of tenure and prerogative that it is now, apparently, automatically limited to infractions of the professorial code. It happens that this university makes a practice of appointing its staff for only a year at a time. To drop a man it has only to withhold reappointment. When, as in this case, it elects to give him a "hearing," all the established proprieties have been complied with. The teeth of the investigating body have been drawn in advance. The worst that can ensue, under the precedents, is an ineffective snap at the "undesirable" system of year to year appointment.

The public, of course, is not interested in piddling points of law, with the standards of etiquette of the committee on academic freedom and tenure. What has happened, it asks. Is the ship being lightened of bilge, or has the cargo been jettisoned?

On this, the essential point, the report of the university professors maintains a discreet, perhaps an impotent silence. Under the rules the investigation centers in the treatment of the plaintiffs, who therefore find themselves, doubtless with considerable surprise and chagrin, the real object of investigation. The effect of this is to exclude the character and conduct of the administration, the real defendant, from examination. What were the authorities of the University of Tennessee driving at? One can gather only so much as may be read between the lines of this report, the April issue of the Bulletin of the Association.

What one gathers is suspicious enough to make the short-comings of the investigation still more exasperating. Of these seven teachers one, a professor of education, was dropped because he was not a good whooper-up. The man who holds his job must be a gogetter among secondary schools. Side kick at his teaching of evolution via Robinson's Mind in the Making. Scholarship and teaching power unquestioned. The second, a woman teacher of art, was dismissed for lack of coöperation. Her interest was art, and she had, by general admission, developed student interest in art to an unprecedented degree. But "the university was obliged to consider the fine arts as more or less of a luxury" (the Dean), and she was asked to coöperate in the "applied art" of dress-making, it being claimed that she was engaged upon such an understanding. Nervous and emotional, and did not coöperate suitably with the applied artists. These two alone received advance notice of impending doom.

Their warning, in April, created a stir that proved fatal to several others. The third, a well known zoölogist, was dismissed because he was intemperately devoted to his work, persistently overdrawing his laboratory allowance and omitting in his zeal for science to act as time-clock for the students. Also and particularly, he took the field against the administration in behalf of number one, gave out indiscreet interviews and invited the present investigation. The fourth, a professor of Latin, was also disagreeably zealous in pursuit of his intellectual interests. He writes extensively and had built up a strong classical tradition in the university; but his teaching was "erratic and injudicious." The authorities felt "that his work should be confined mainly to Latin translation and that literature and art should be left to the departments to which they properly belonged," and he, no doubt, wondered what departments those could be if not his own. Also held improper views on Debs and the Peace Treaty, and protested at the first case above.

The fifth, psychologist, failed to coöperate, i. e., to allow the professor of education (not number one above) to appoint men to teach sections in psychology who were not qualified to teach that subject. (One of these, a middle aged man, seems to have been presented with a bachelor's degree and an appointment to the faculty by the department of education "for work he never actually did.") Also protested at number one's dismissal. The sixth, the premedical dean, "engaged in agitation" to alter the constitutional organization of the university. He seems not to have been an outstanding scholar; but he was apparently motivated in his efforts at reorganization by a genuine desire to improve the situation and began, admittedly, with the approval of the president. But he was "indiscreet" to a reporter.

The seventh was a professor of law, uniquely influential among the students, but also uniquely immoral in his professional conduct. The law students and alumni were practically unanimous in his praise. His instruction was most highly valued. His students all passed the bar examinations. His services to the university in the past had been quite unexampled. But he cut his classes. He treated the most serious examinations lightly. His grades were a farce. (This distinguished him from his colleagues at the University of Tennessee.) He failed to do penance with the absence sheets. He (one shudders to record it)—he smoked in the university buildings. All these things were specified and proved against him by his dean. Not specified but present even to the view of the committee was a sharp disagreement between dean and professor as to methods of teaching law, the dean standing for the Harvard system. Perhaps the professor was a personality rather than an intellect. Evidence fails on this point.

Here, then, is the picture of the administration which is, properly, under investigation. The bill

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of indictment which is indicated might be drawn as follows. The University of Tennessee prefers go-getting growth to scholarship. Where intellectual and vocational interests conflict, it advances the vocational. Its conception of scholarship is narrow and conventional, and its theory of teaching pettifogging to the last degree. It has an inferiority complex that makes criticism intolerable. Upon the evidence of this report one can only conclude that a timorous and unenlightened administration has thrown out some of its strongest men because it could not stand their disapproval, and has done so without suffering more than a perfunctory slap on the wrist from the one body in America which it should justly fear in such a crisis.

By drawing such a picture the committee has allowed itself to be hopelessly caught. Either the picture is false, in which case the university has cause for grave complaint, or it is true, in which case the plaintiffs have been "done in." Indeed, the most disquieting suggestion that comes from the printed record is that the Association of University Professors is interested not in universities nor in the individual victim of injustice but in the professorial caste. That caste is defined not by excellence of scholarship or teaching but by rules of tenure. Consequently considerations of educational quality must be excluded from the examination of a university. Throughout the report these professors reprove their injured colleagues for "a certain want of tact," an "inability to work harmoniously with their superiors under an organization which they disapproved,"—as if they were office boys under a head clerk with an ugly temper. What should be the attitude of a group of scholars under an administration intent upon educational suicide? What is the attitude of the Association toward such an administration? What if it is committing hari-kari with the utmost decorum and most accomplished tact? We have yet to learn. There is no Committee on Academic Competence.

European Politics in Paralysis

AT no time within our generation has European politics presented so baffling and uncertain an aspect as it does today. International problems of the first magnitude are pressing for solution. They can be solved only by resolute and intelligent action on the part of the four great powers of western Europe, seconded, in an important sense, by the United States. The situation is one which requires competent statesmanship, supported loyally by a solid parliamentary backing. But this requirement is nowhere realized. Indeed, the reverse is nearer the truth.

In England, France and Germany the responsibility for governing rests with a minority. The Italian situation appears, on the surface at least, to be much more stable. It will be worth while later to scrutinize this apparent stability more closely. For the present we may disregard Italy, because she stands outside of the circle of powers most immediately concerned with the settlement of the problems of reparations and the Ruhr.

At the close of the war the victorious nations had only to dictate terms which the vanquished were bound to accept. The Versailles Treaty was, or appeared to be, a completed act. In the present negotiations among the powers there can be no such thing as dictation and submission. Any settlement will have to derive its force from consent, and consent involves engagements on both sides which there must be reason for believing will be kept. Promise and probability of performance are both necessary. How far can the governments of England, France and Germany give promises that inspire confidence?

In England the tradition of domestic unity with respect to foreign relations is strong. MacDonald does not need to fear that his political enemies will seize the occasion of an international deadlock to manoeuvre him out of office. But the current of domestic affairs flows on and may at any time throw up an issue which the MacDonald government cannot face squarely without encountering defeat, nor side-step without giving an impulse to forces of disintegration within the party. MacDonald has the country behind him only very provisionally—a fact which Poincaré plainly took into account, and which any new French government is also likely to take into account. British influence on the settlement must therefore be decidedly provisional.

In France the defeat of Poincaré and the Bloc National has cleared the way for a government by the more moderate factions, which are far better disposed toward a reasonable adjustment of the German problem. But there is no real unity in the group of moderate parties upon which a solid government could be based. Herriot may try to govern; Briand and Painlevé may try it. There are enough recalcitrant minority groups, however, to threaten the stability of any moderate government. The Reds have only to form a limited alliance with the defeated Bloc National to turn any other government out. The net result would only be confusion, since the Reds would never enter into a plan for restoring Poincaré or any of his lieutenants to power. But the Reds thrive on confusion, and may be expected to coquette with it.

The German situation is analogous. The Marx-Stresemann group has been gravely weakened by the election. Reactionary nationalism and communism have both grown stronger. In combination, they could throw out any moderate government. Here again the result would only be confusion, but both the reactionary nationalists and the communists may expect to thrive on confusion. Both parties hope for material gains in the next election and would be glad to see a parliamentary

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deadlock which would force the calling of elections at an early date.

In Italy, on the other hand, political unity appears solidly established. Mussolini is everything. He has a parliamentary majority that will do his bidding, and he would do as he pleased even if the majority turned against him. It would appear, then, that Italy is one country which can adopt a policy and stick to it; make engagements and carry them out. Yet this appearance, on closer inspection, is deceptive. Mussolini represents, not the will of the Italian people, but the abdication of that will. Factional strife had shattered the machinery of parliamentary government. Mussolini has put in a substitute machine which works tolerably for the time. How well it will work when the factional organizations growing up within Fascism have solidified into real parties is another question. The rest of Europe will take Mussolini's diplomacy for what it is worth, a dictator's will, binding so long as the will of the people is without an organ for expressing itself.

It is in such a condition of political paralysis that Europe is called upon to make a decision which will profoundly affect all public and private relations through a generation. If they had strong parties behind them, MacDonald, Herriot, Stresemann and Mussolini could work out a formula for putting the Dawes plan into effect. The differences in the views of these statesmen are not so wide as to make a compromise settlement impossible.

Without solid political support, however, the statesmen must divide their attention between politics and the peace and prosperity of Europe. A French moderate government might be inclined to make concessions, but only such as would not stir the beaten, but still formidable Bloc National into a frenzy of triumphant criticism. Similar difficulties beset the German and the British governments. Even Mussolini is compelled to take into account the possibility that a great part of his following is not at all eager to see the Franco-German quarrel composed. France, prosperous and at peace, would be an insurmountable barrier to the realization of Italian imperialistic ambitions in the Mediterranean. A France bent on realizing the Napoleonic dream of European hegemony would collapse, sooner or later, and Tunis, and even Algeria and also Morocco, might assume their old Roman relation to Italy.

Behind this anarchic play of political forces lies the major interest of the peoples, ill represented, if at all, by the governments. The small shopkeepers and investors, the peasants, the working class, in France as in Germany and England, need the revival of economic life and security against war more than they need anything else. Whether Germany pays somewhat more or less, whether Germany is more or less humiliated, are relatively minor considerations. The Dawes plan as it was proposed by the commissioners, offered so promising a solution that no major political party in any of the countries vitally concerned dared to come out for its direct repudiation. Political opposition to the plan had to take the form of reservations which might defeat the plan while shifting the blame for its failure.

In this situation it appears plain that no settlement is possible without outside intervention. And the only quarter from which intervention can come is America. It is not a question of direct political intervention, but simply one of a clear and definite statement of the American position. The Dawes plan, all Europe knows, can be put into operation only through American financial coöperation. The economic recovery that might follow the acceptance of the plan implies far more extensive financial coöperation. America is therefore in a position to say how far the Dawes plan can be modified or mutilated without passing entirely beyond the range of her interest.

Europe is politically paralyzed, precisely at the time when she most needs to act wisely and consistently. Accordingly the United States is in a position to intervene wholly to the advantage of Europe without involving herself in any commitment lying beyond her own interest. Such intervention would not only break the present international deadlock. It would set in motion forces which would eventually make a sound European political life possible.

What has paralyzed Europe is the crystallization of party life around war issues. So long as Germany and France continue to carry on virtual war in time of peace, neither can organize parties or select leaders who represent the permanent civil interest of the mass of commonplace, peace-loving people. Remove the question of reparations and the Ruhr from the zone of political debate, and the trend toward prewar political allignments, distinctly observable in both the German and the French elections, will become irresistible. We shall again have governments which derive their power from self-conscious popular support instead of from the disunion of their enemies.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Charlie, Warren and Ned

The Fourth Installment in the Story of "the Ohio Gang"

IN any study of "the Ohio gang" and what it did in Washington 1921-1923, there are two personalities which stand out most vividly. It happens that heretofore in this series I have had no occasion to do more than mention Ned McLean and Charles R. Forbes. Yet the characters of these men are the best possible key to the whole spirit of the Harding régime. No others were more intimate with the occupant of the White House than these; they were "Charlie" and "Ned" to him; he was "Warren" to them.

Do not misunderstand my linking of these names. The careers of the two men are not connected. They have striking similarities of temperament; but the ways in which they differ are equally conspicuous. McLean is both wealthy and a child of wealth, who has never known what it was like to have an income of less than a million dollars a year or so. Forbes was reared in poverty, enlisted in and deserted from the United States Army and for a long time wandered from place to place working at whatever came to hand. I have no evidence that McLean has done anything which according to his ethics was dishonorable; nor am I aware that his association with President Harding at any time redounded to his personal advantage. Forbes, on the other hand, is under the gravest possible charges of personal dishonesty; and it is conservatively estimated that the waste and graft during the two years of his career as head of the Veterans' Bureau amounted to some $225,000,000 a year, or perhaps two-thirds of the government's total surplus.

Let us begin with the worst and get it over as briefly as we may. Undoubtedly, the least excusable of all the personal appointments of incompetent or dishonest men by the President was his selection of Forbes as head of the Veterans' Bureau. It remains one of the mysteries of public opinion that the country should be roused to tropic heat by a hundred thousand dollar bribe to Secretary Fall and remain cheerfully indifferent to the appalling record of the Forbes administration which in two years' time spent close to *a billion dollars* of government money of which nearly one-half went in graft and waste.

Forbes's story, recently recited by Will Irwin in a brilliant series of articles for the North American Newspaper Alliance, illustrates with melancholy perfection the outstanding characteristics of President Harding. The man who wound up as head of the Veterans' Bureau was at one time a deserter from the United States Army, whose wife appealed in vain to the army authorities to force him to support her. Later, he drifted out to the Hawaiian Islands. The Senator from Ohio, as he then was, visited the Islands on an official tour shortly before we entered the Great War. He met and was entertained by this rough-and-ready hail-fellow-well-met, who is anybody's match at a story-telling contest . . . or at diversions of a rougher character. The friendship was instantaneous and lasting. Then came the war, and Forbes went to France with the Thirty-third Division. He is next heard of after Harding's election, when he bobbed up again at Marion and with brazen nerve demanded that he be made head of the Shipping Board.

His effrontery was based on a shrewd calculation; for despite the fact that he had no qualifications whatever for this important post, the President-elect wanted to award it to him, and was dissuaded with difficulty by his advisers. The Veterans' Bureau for some reason was regarded as less important, and to placate Charlie, Warren gave him this consolation prize. As things turned out, it is hard to see how Forbes could have done any more damage in the post he had asked. His two years in office are a record of the most astounding incompetence, waste and corruption.

While many thousands of sick and crippled war veterans suffered under inadequate care, or starved with none, Forbes blazed for himself in Washington a path of dubious glory. On his salary of $10,000, he entertained with lavish parties, only equalled by the famous hospitality of Ned McLean. He went on a lengthy joy-ride over the country, pretending to select sites for hospitals (though, in fact, they had already been chosen), accepting generous entertainment from commercial organizations everywhere on this pretense. One site, the old Cresta Blanca Vineyard at Livermore, California, was purchased for $105,000, far more than any reasonable interpretation of its value; and the seller promptly turned over $22,000 commission to an "agent," a friend of one of Forbes's associates, who had not heretofore appeared in the transaction. Another hospital, for psychopathic patients, was built at Northampton, Massachusetts, the contract being awarded to a firm which asked some $30,000 more than the lowest bidder. On the erection of several of these hospitals it is said that Forbes had an arrangement whereby he was to pocket one-third of the profits, and these were to be not less than ten percent of the total cost to the government.

The responsibility for authorizing this orgy of waste is one of the many things which must be placed on the shoulders of Harry M. Daugherty. The army has a Quartermaster's Department which makes a business of building hospitals and similar edifices. Its engineers are paid by the year and their

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salaries, of course, go on whether they are employed or not. To the Quartermaster's Department it seemed obviously sensible, therefore, that the hospitals for veterans should be built by them. But Forbes thought not. He proposed to create a complete new building organization of his own. The law establishing the Veterans' Bureau seems to have been somewhat ambiguous on this point; and accordingly the question was put up to Attorney-General Daugherty. I doubt if many of my readers will be surprised to learn that he promptly decided in favor of Forbes. The latter, therefore, installed a building department. Mathew O'Brien, a friend of Charles Cramer, Forbes's legal adviser, was put in as its head, at a salary of $64,000, an amount which was subsequently padded with other items to nearly $100,000. Cramer, by the way, committed suicide when exposure seemed imminent.

The complete story of Forbes's activities is too long to tell here; but some of the items are worth mention. Forbes, for instance, bought seventy thousand dollars' worth of floor wax and floor cleaner for his hospitals, or about enough to last a hundred years. He paid ninety-eight cents a gallon for the cleaner, which expert testimony subsequently stated was worth 3.2 cents a gallon exclusive of the water it contained.

Forbes sold at extraordinarily low prices from the great base for surplus hospital supplies at Perryville, Maryland, large quantities of goods in excellent condition. He sold 5,000 pounds of oiled paper for five cents a pound, though it had cost sixty cents and was practically new. He sold 98,000 pairs of home-made winter pajamas, contributed by American women for soldiers' use, at thirty cents a pair. He sold 84,000 new sheets in perfect condition at twenty-six or twenty-seven cents each, though they had cost $1.37. At the same time, for some mysterious reason, he bought 25,000 more new sheets at $1.03 each! At one time the sheets just bought were actually going in at one door of the warehouse as the ones just sold were going out another, and some of them by mistake went straight in and out again. More than 75,000 towels which cost nineteen cents each were sold for three and three-eighths cents each. In general, all of these hospital supplies, many of them urgently needed by disabled veterans, were sold at about twenty percent of their value.

Apologists for President Harding argue that when he discovered what was going on, he forced Forbes out; and this is undoubtedly true, even though the latter still insists that he resigned because he could not "stand the meddling" of Dr. Sawyer. On the other hand, one should remember that Harding kept Forbes in office months after his misconduct had become notorious to all Washington. By November, 1922, the President knew all there was to know; yet Forbes's resignation was not accepted until February 16, 1923.

It should also be remembered that Forbes never had the backing of the real Ohio gang. He got his chance by playing on the amiable weakness of the President, and not by becoming a member of the Daugherty-Manington-Smith crowd. Had the latter been the case I think all students of Washington affairs will agree that getting him out of office would have been an infinitely harder task.

As I have said, the deeds of Forbes, Fall, Daugherty, Reily, Manington, Smith, Dover, et al, must be studied in the light of the general atmosphere at Washington during the Harding régime. There is no better key to that atmosphere than is found in the personality of Ned McLean.

Technically speaking, he is a member of the Ohio gang by birth as well as by subsequent adoption. Many years ago his grandfather, Washington McLean, built up in the city of Cincinnati a daily newspaper called the Enquirer. A son, John R., followed in the administration of the property and was even more successful. For many years he conducted the Enquirer admirably from the financial point of view, if not from that of the social welfare. He was also an important part of the seamy side of Ohio state politics. John R. was too energetic to spend his life conducting one or two newspapers. It was not long before he became interested in public utilities in Washington, D. C., from which he eventually amassed a fortune of some $20,000,000. In the later years of his life he was a voluntary exile from Cincinnati, though retaining his ownership of the Enquirer.

His son, Edward B., is the youngest of all the chief figures in our story, being only forty at present. He never went to college, but was educated after a fashion by private tutors. He eloped romantically with Miss Evelyn Walsh, daughter of Thomas Walsh of Denver (not to be confused with Senator Walsh of Montana). The gentleman from Denver was a mining man, discoverer of the famous Camp Bird silver mine, of which he afterward sold a part for $14,000,000. The Walsh fortune is now about $50,000,000 and the first-born child of the marriage just referred to, Vinson Walsh McLean (1909), heir to both estates, was promptly nicknamed by the daily press "the hundred million dollar baby."

For the past fifteen years Edward B. McLean has been living in a blaze of newspaper notoriety, not only national but worldwide. Even longer than that he has been a conspicuous figure in Washington. Among his father's properties was the Washington Post, and as a youngster McLean went through the orthodox game of "learning the business" as a reporter on the staff. He covered his assignments in a huge yellow automobile, the weekly upkeep of which was probably just about equal to an average reporter's salary. McLean was also known (this, of course, was fifteen years before prohibition) as a spectacular figure in what sob sisters like to designate as The Night Life. Washington gossip has a sheaf of lively stories about this

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phase—most of them are doubtless apocryphal.

A real tragedy in his life is the story of little Vinson McLean. From his birth the child was surrounded by elaborate precautions to insure his safety. The popular narrative credits him with a steel-jacketed perambulator, armed guards who never left his side day or night and a private physician constantly on watch. These are doubtless exaggerated, though there is a substratum of truth in them. In any case, all the vigilance proved unavailing. In 1919, the boy eluded his caretakers for a moment, ran out into the road before "Friendship," McLean's beautiful country estate near Washington, and was killed by an automobile.

Meanwhile, McLean had been getting into the papers for other reasons. In 1911, for instance, he got himself talked about by purchasing the famous Hope diamond, a jewel which, as every reader of the Sunday supplement knows, is supposed to exert a malignant influence on the career of each owner. In 1916, John R. McLean died; and it was discovered that he had carefully tied up his huge estate by leaving it in trust until after the death of all his grandchildren. Edward B. brought suit to break the will; the law case was one of the major sensations in Washington history for a generation.

Three years later came the death of little Vinson, and thereafter Ned McLean's next excursion into the limelight was the most notable of all: his pillorying because of a false statement under oath about the hundred thousand dollar loan to Fall—his effort, as he said, "to go down the line just as far as I could for a friend."

It would be as wrong as it is unnecessary to impute sinister motives to the McLean friendship for Harding. There is an obvious advantage to any wealthy resident of Washington in being known as a confidant of the President—an advantage both social and personal. In the case of Ned McLean there was also the natural sympathy growing out of the similarity in character and the fact that the President liked all of the recreations which most appealed to the wealthy young publisher. One ought not to say so much without adding that the taste for friendship in high places is one which grows by what it feeds on. Ned McLean, on the day of the state funeral in Washington, took Mrs. Harding to the train, saw her off to Marion—and then hurried home to entertain at dinner—President Calvin Coolidge. Le roi est mort, etc.

If one were asked to put the spirit of the Harding régime into a phrase, one might say that it was an era of "parties," in the homely middle western meaning of the word. Parties out at "Friendship." Parties at the huge and desolate, Bastille-like McLean mansion beside the Shoreham Hotel. Parties at the third McLean house, the narrow building on the other side of the hotel. Parties at the "little green house on K Street," leased by Jesse Smith. Parties at the White House. A few parties in Florida, on a houseboat or in the McLean house at Palm Beach. They were just the sort of parties which go on in every city and town in the country among groups of men, usually business men, who are prosperous enough to stand a fairly swift pace. As a rule they were stag affairs; often quite innocent, sometimes not.

To anyone who has lived in the far West the picture of life inside the charmed circle during this period in Washington is irresistibly reminiscent of times in a gold camp following a big strike. It was a sort of Elizabethan age of flushed romantic optimism when everything seemed possible. Money was easy. Most of the men in the intimate circle of the White House were wealthy: McLean with his twenty millions, Lasker with a substantial fortune, Harding with five hundred thousand or so; and the poor men were rapidly ameliorating their plight out of the public purse or private ones—Forbes, Fall and at a little distance such men as Manington and Smith.

This sort of atmosphere was, of course, as remote as possible from that which had existed during the previous eight years of the Wilson administration. The Princeton professor, austere, aloof, intellectually snobbish, was not the sort of person who goes on parties. Neither was he the sort to overlook moral turpitude because the guilty individual happened to be among his personal friends. It is true there was enormous waste of public money, huge corruption, during the closing days of the Wilson era; but it came in part at a time when the monstrous size of our war efforts made it impossible for the President to keep all the threads in his own hands; and in part, after his absence in Paris and his illness had cut him off from domestic affairs.

I have already pointed out in earlier articles in this series the chief reason for the huge difference between the spiritual tone of the Harding administration and that of his predecessor: the cold determination of the Republican leaders in 1920, confident of victory, to put into office a man conspicuously unfit by character, experience and lifelong association, for the place. The party leaders themselves did not, I think contemplate actual corruption, and certainly not on the appalling scale on which it was exhibited; but they did purpose to take the fullest advantage of their possession of power, first to give as many jobs as they could to party men, and second, to favor their allies in the field of business with all possible legislation.

As we have already seen, however, they overreached themselves. Harding when he came into office brought with him the most extraordinary and deplorable crew of associates who ever came to Washington with a new administration. Against the social background indicated, the silent activities of the least respectable members of the Ohio gang went on in a manner which I shall describe later.

BRUCE BLIVEN...

(*This is the fourth of a series of articles of which the fifth will appear in an early issue.*)

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CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

I. William E. Borah

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Why They Love Borah

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH, of Idaho, is one of the foremost men of public life, as very many of those in intimate touch with our public life believe, not because he is eloquent, there being many other eloquent men; not because he has a fine mind, there being many other fine minds; not because he is a patient, untiring student, there being many other patient, untiring students; not because he is courageous, there being many other courageous men, our frequent hasty judgments to the contrary notwithstanding. Senator Borah is a leading figure, in the opinions of many competent judges, because, beyond any other man in public life, he labors unwearied and undiscouraged, to produce a supply of statecraft that will meet the demand of this nation and of the world.

Politically, the American people "keep coming on," discovering evils and seeking cures with few lapses into indifference(on that sceptics and scoffers, and the children of faith and light will agree!) and none is so quick to discover an evil and none so quick to seek a cure as Borah. Never does he lapse into the indifference that sometimes damns the mass. The maximum of the fervor of the mass is his minimum. Nearly two decades in the disillusioning, disheartening, deadening atmosphere of Washington have aged only his body. His spirit goes marching on, increasingly agile it seems, in the twin quest for evils and for cures; increasingly ardent in the conviction that it is worth while—that mankind can and will effect a net gain of cures over evils, however it may stumble and falter. He cannot be convinced that the demand for the good must forever exceed the supply.

Born in '65 in the yet new Illinois, whence he moved on to Kansas and on to the wilds of the Idaho of a generation ago, Senator Borah is of the breed that expects to tame the world and all therein —a surcharged specimen of the breed. Had nature fashioned him for a materialist, he would have disembowelled the earth and harnessed its energies, or gone broke in the effort. But that was not her mood and intent in the hour of his fashioning. She sent him forth a preacher, and he must dig out the sins of organized society, and he must nourish, organize and direct the aspirations of men for the good. He is apart in the Senate, not alone because he has a craving for solitude and meditation that makes itself known to his associates, but because of this essential quality.

Looking down on him from the gallery, noting that queerly emphatic apartness, the question bobs up: Where would he be, if he were not there? To find a wholly satisfactory answer a century must be turned back. Put Borah on a lean horse, pull his hat down over his eyes as he likes to have it, give him saddlebags containing a Bible and another shirt, start him over the hills of a new country as circuit-riding minister of the gospel.

Thrust upon the stage of a world far different, mankind still is his prize to be sought with every energy. View him in the company of the whole group that defeated the League of Nations Covenant in the Senate. He is the one man of that group who felt an affirmative responsibility. Lodge, Reed, Johnson, Brandegee, Moses? Their work was done when the Covenant was rejected. They were through. It was enough that the country had been kept from making what they held to be a mistake. No obligation was upon them to be more than negative. But Borah, having denied the efficacy of the instrument made by Wilson, no sooner had made sure that the denial was consummated than he affirmed the necessity of an instrument for the same purpose, and proceeded indefatigably to search for it. As I recall, he was the first member of the Senate openly to denounce Wilson's proposal; and for three years he has occupied Wilson's old place as the apostle of peace.

He cannot think in impersonal terms of persons; he cannot think of France, or Germany, or Russia, or England without seeing millions of human beings, happy or unhappy, comfortable or distressed. When a nation is hungry, he sees women and children, hands outstretched for food. When a nation is without fuel, he sees shivering babies.

He will go on, preaching peace and seeking the instrument to effectuate what he believes to be the will for peace. He can do no other. He will change his arguments and he will change his mind, probably, about instruments, but some argument and the search for some instrument will go on until his eyes are closed for the last time. That will be his unflagging contribution of supply to meet the world demand. Interspersed will be his contributions to meet the national demand. The railroad problem of today, and that of the year after next; the agrarian problem of today and that of the year after next; the problem of corrupt practices in politics, of topheavy government at Washington, of what not: these problems will keep him sweating and striving as earnestly as though the solution of last year's problems had not immediately caused new ones.

Stop gathering a supply to meet the demand? Adjust the demand to the supply on hand? Ask what is the use of trying to make things better? Not so long as Borah is Borah. And so long as Borah is Borah, when he rings the bell, a large section of the American people will answer. For he and they are one.

JOHN W. OWENS.

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The Job and the Middle-Aged Woman

THERE is today a group of women who, after years of effective and essential service, are finding themselves with nothing to do. The job of home-making which has taken their thought and energy for, generally speaking, about half their normal working period, has come rather abruptly to an end. In this group are numbers of the more alert and intelligent women of the day; they have been, perhaps, our most valuable social asset. It is their desire to continue as assets. Yet many of them are saying frankly that they can see no place of real usefulness anywhere that they can fill, or more, that they can be trained to fill.

These women are in the middle years—in rough estimate between the early forties and the mid-sixties. They have leisure—often hard-earned, education, health, and enough margin of money for travel, clothes, pleasures, reasonable charities. Their children have left home—married, or otherwise away, leading independent lives. And with husbands immersed in business, the homes to which they gave at least twenty good years, no longer absorb them; at most, with modern equipment and changed ways of living, require a minimum of time and thought and energy. It has not come about through excessive domesticity—the keeping of noses over-close to pans and kettles, or in the mending basket—that these individuals now find their hands idle. They have had outside interests, many and varying, often. But the household has been the real job. Through its administration these persons have built up certain definite habit trends, modes of thought and mental reaction which function readily and adequately in the flexible routine of the home, and meet with effectiveness the more or less personal problems of the family. But, tragically for the erstwhile homemaker, these are not the habit patterns, the psychological qualities, required—particularly in this day of precise specialization—for successful battle with the larger world outside.

With, then, the occupation that has, primarily engrossed half her working life taken out of her hands, and without equipment for any other, what is the woman of this group to do with the last part of her productive years? My neighbor, Marian, is just now trying one way of meeting her idle fifties. She knows that it is not an adequate or happy way. Marian is forty-nine. Her three children are comfortably married, carrying on the life of their own generation. When she came back from Europe last October, she dismissed her two servants. Yesterday morning, I found her down on her knees scrubbing the kitchen linoleum. She looked hot and tired, and her hands were red from the soapsuds. This is not Marian's work; it is years since she has done the drudgery of her house, the mere manual labor in it. She has taken on the job, she says, to keep from going out of her mind—the only job, she further declares, that she can hold against the expert competition of the day.

Marian's life is typical of that of the abler women of her group. After leaving her small college, she taught in a public school where she reached an administrative position which she filled with success. Then came marriage and crowded years with insufficient money. Marian did the work, the sewing, took care of the children, was their teacher, even, through the early school years. She did secretarial work for John (her husband) evenings—anything, everything, to stretch the scarce dollars. Gradually leisure came: the children in good schools, a larger house, travel; by and by, interests outside the home, an orgy of clubs, president of two or three; when the time came, war service. Then a letting down;—half-hearted work for the Voters' League, bridge, a reading club—and the kitchen linoleum!

Marian laid down her scrubbing brush, pulled the cushion from under her knees, and sat back on it. "I hate this work," she said. "But I've got to do something. I just won't get senile and lazy and fat. I dismissed the girls so that I would have something to do, something every day, that had to be done. People have to eat; houses must be kept sanitary. . . . My dear, I've got something to tell you: There isn't any place in the world for us—well-placed, middle-aged women like myself—today. Our neuron patterns are set for functioning in a social order that is gone. The making of homes was our business, homes that were centres for friendships and the social activities of our young people; flowers and candles on the dinner table, gracious manners, leisure, talk—we thought it was talk—formalities, guests. That household, I want you to know, was no lazy man's job; big unneeded rooms—a library, a den, a music room, a huge front porch. Outside interests pushed in—our church societies, committee meetings, with the curtains up clean, and the good cups out for tea. That all seems to belong to the dark ages in the rushing, externalized, country-club life of the present, where "home" is a place to sleep, and sometimes to eat. Who keeps up a guest room now? Nobody wants to be 'entertained.' There's no place in the life of today for the kind of home I made."

Marian is right. There isn't any reason for the continuance of that older type of household. In

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this day of fierce competition, nobody who is doing anything has time for formalities, or to be "entertained beautifully." There's only one place where really worth-while talk goes on—can go on against the present background of exact knowledge—in the small group of specialists whose very vocabulary is, in many cases, an unknown tongue to outsiders. Why should Marian's group meet to discuss seriously politics, drama, the European situation—mouth platitudes of the half-informed? Let them open a magazine, and they can get expert information on any subject under the shining sun—or turn on the radio. On the mere material count there's no reason for people going to Marian's dinners—her kind of people—to dinners in any home. Privacy, charming surroundings, possibly better food, may be hired in numberless places. Clubs furnish meeting places for every possible social activity.

I suggested work outside. Marian came back in despair: "Work outside?" she said. "A pipe dream! I've looked into things outside. I've tried more than one. There isn't anything I can do,—excellently well, I mean; well enough to satisfy myself, and to measure up with the trained younger woman, or the woman of my own age who has been in the field keeping her wits sharp all these years. I'm a good typist, but what can I do against the high-speed, all-knowing young person of today? John's private secretary has more knowledge of business—just business as a whole, the man's way of looking at things—on tap under her bobbed hair than I could acquire if I studied every minute for the rest of my life. I haven't the habit of continued concentration necessary for industrial success, if I should acquire the necessary knowledge. For years my mind has gone skipping rather aimlessly about from one thing to another—and more or less trivial things, at that—often only half concentrated on the thing in hand; Marcia's new frock, Tom's school report, the cook's afternoon out; things about which nothing really had to be done, or, often was done.

"With all my fine health, I haven't the kind of endurance I would have if I had been going all these years to outside work. I can't stand the noise, and the strain of many and quick decisions, the endless turmoil and contacts of the average place of business. I'd last there about a week. The person long-accustomed to industrial life, reacts almost automatically to problems as they come; such persons know what to do. I would have to wait and weigh and decide. Let me impart a profound secret: Last summer I got Woodwards to let me try buying for them—you know I've a reputation for taste in clothes. Well, I failed. At the end of four days I was a wreck. My 'taste' was all right. I knew what I ought to get. But I couldn't stand up commercially. Things were put over on me. I could have bought for myself, or for my friends. But for commercial buying there were too many angles to consider; I got befogged, bewildered, dead tired; my mind wouldn't work in job lots. Its habit is small affairs, personal matters."

Again Marian is right. The personal equipment developed by work in the market places—any market place—and that developed by work in the flexibility and shelter and privileges of a woman's own household, are at opposite polls. No woman—or a man either, for that matter—can function in a habit-path of mental reaction for twenty years and then step across her door sill and establish, as it were overnight, effective activity in an entire new set of neuron patterns. One doesn't do much habit changing even in minor things after middle age has arrived. It is not possible for a woman of Marian's age and experience—except, of course, the rare exception—to meet the outside world with the outside attitude of mind. She can't make her contacts as man to man. However much she may refuse to admit the fact, she does want consideration, amenities, concessions. It is not possible that she should suddenly cease to demand what has always been her due. Her reactions are bound to be personal. She can't take impersonally what seem to her intrusions, or lack of respect. She will get angry, or be shocked, or have her feelings hurt. She can't take criticism. She can't function in a subservient position; she has been too long her own arbiter, too accustomed to the loyalty and esteem accorded a wife and mother in the particular social stratum that is hers. In the schoolroom, even, the particular job where she is supposed, theoretically, to hold up competitively, the middle-aged homemaker comes up against the same handicap of trying to meet personally, effectively, the impersonal problems of a larger social unit.

At my next suggestion, Marian was vehement. "Don't say it! It's been suggested a hundred times. I'll *not* take a child to raise! Every one of my middle years would be against me. The richest asset a child can have—and it's especially true in this rapidly changing time—is the young mother developing along with the other young mothers of its generation." Marian took up her scrubbing brush. "The middle-aged woman of today," she went on, "the woman of my particular social group, faces tragedy; years of parasitic existence. Her job's gone. There's no field where she can compete with the trained worker. She's scrapped. She's social waste!"

And with no constructive occupation demanding the equipment which such a woman has to offer, this stinging generalization may not be so wide of the mark. There remain the more personal interests such as women's clubs. But these will not suffice for Marian's vital, educated type. At best,

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the older kind of club, the cultural club, has no longer an excuse for existence. Its administration is a waste of energy where there are opportunities for adult education on every side; the doors of the universities wide open; a lecture by an authority, on any subject one may choose, across the street—and free, at that! As for broader interests—politics, civic affairs—Marian comes up against, for truly individual, effective accomplishment, the same psychological handicap that confronts her in industry. These last are a field for the younger woman's training and outlook.

Marian's linoleum is but one among pathetic attempts at adjustment or amelioration. One woman, a librarian before marriage, now the wife of a banker, whose five children, through college, have flown the nest, has taken up weaving; she makes little mats, and talks enthusiastically about "my present fad"—and her eyes are tragic. Another, a lawyer's wife, who before marriage was a worker in a social settlement, is making a study of poetry. She—with three similarly inclined friends—sits day after day, reading and discussing. But it is to no constructive end; she will never teach it, and she never can write it. Another, the wife of a very rich business man, has set up a stage on her third floor where she produces, with appalling frequency, queer plays to which her bored friends feel that they ought sometimes to go. Still another, who before marriage was a college-educated society girl, has enshrined a colony of bees in her back yard and she fusses over them morning, noon and night. Makeshifts all! This alert middle-aged woman doesn't want an avocation, a fad, a filler of time—some book club, bee-keeping. If she is to be happy, she must have for her later working period, as well as for the earlier, a real job; something that will give adequate and permanent return for her labor—in money, or, as was true in her home making, in the satisfaction of equal and successful competition with other workers in a constructive field. That such occupation is not to be found is tragedy for the present capable woman. But she is viewing her problem with appraising eyes. It is possible that in the not distant future the released mother shall find herself in a social organization where she can use her abilities to some worth-while end.

ALICE WHOLEY.

The Candidate Who Was

I LAMENT for Hiram Johnson. Not as a friend, for I barely knew him. Not as a follower, none of his campaigns have ever claimed my allegiance. Not as a champion who believes substantial injustice has been done. Rather I lament as one who sees a man, yesterday at least capable of inspiring fear, today fallen to the jackals. In the arid and deadly uniformity of our public and political life, he was a fact by himself. In the monotonous roll-call of nonentities, which is the contemporary Senate, he was somebody. More than that, he was once, measurably a hope.

Always among public men there are two personalities. There is the man himself and there is the man men and women believe him to be. However inadequate the man himself may be, however far short he may fall of the unreality, which he represents in the eyes of those who would themselves escape from the intolerable routine, however great is the illusion which he creates, yet I am bound to feel that the world is poorer when that illusion is abolished.

In the hope of escaping from the tragedy of poverty in public men, we again and again invest our slender resources in the wildcat speculations of politics. There is a chance, a bare chance that this time the prospectus will be inspired, that this time our hope, our faith or necessity—all will be satisfied. Always we are hoping against hope, always when the inevitable collapse comes, we feel ourselves poorer, not because of the investment we have staked and lost, but because the chance of ultimate escape seems cruelly diminished.

Johnson the politician, the fact, was at best heavily laden with limitations. He was effective only when he could visualize what he meant to attack in terms of his own personal political fortunes. He was the narrow egoist who was almost literally condemned to hate personally, to suspect for selfish reasons. He could not attack an enemy or an evil unless both lay across the pathway of his own ambition. He had a passion for humanity only as his own individual humanity was involved.

Just, too, probably, is that other indictment now most frequently on the lips of Washington critics, he offered no constructive program. Yet, for that matter who does? What Washington means, I suspect, is that he offered no defensive program. Nevertheless is it not possible that this explanation is a bit overemphasized? Did Johnson fail and fall—as he has fallen—because he could not propose elaborate programs, or because he finally was unable to realize the hopes of those who would have been satisfied if only the man they were ready to follow could and would still attack?

Was it not, after all, because little by little, progressively—or perhaps retrogradingly—the man who could attack, provided always he could see vic-

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tory personally and profitably—lost the capacity to attack, because the zeal, the energy, the fire, the thing that men and women saw and welcomed and rallied to, grew cool and then cold? Was not Johnson the crusader, the fighter, the destroyer, if you please, the real Johnson? Was not—supreme irony—was not the conscious or unconscious reaching to gain the thing he is now damned because he did not possess, the real explanation of the ruin?

Year after year you see them coming here to the capital from every quarter of the country, the men who in their own larger or smaller parishes have risen above the common level, dared and triumphed in the conflict with some parochial abuse. They arrive with the fine glow of spirit still visible. The dust of the battle and the emotion of victory are still upon them. They have a consciousness of being men. And then, imperceptibly, but inevitably they are transformed, seeking to become statesmen, they become—nothing, rather less than nothing, small coins stamped with the same effigy of regularity.

Of the temptation to be corrupt in Washington one hears much. Yet, despite current impressions few, amazingly few of the men who come to the capital conspicuous become corrupt. Far and away more insidious, more deadly is the temptation to become common. Two seasons, three seasons, one term, at most two—and what is left of all of those individual qualities which moved men and women to rally to a leader and send him forth to lead? Survivors there are—but how many?

I lament for Johnson because the machine, the routine, the habit and the custom have achieved a new triumph over a man whom all of these felt to be a foe, not only a foe but a dangerous opponent. Do not mistake the fact that if contempt, slightly overlaid with hypocritical pity is to be heard on all sides, today it is still only a relatively brief span of months since Washington really trembled, not at what Johnson had done but at what they still felt him capable of doing. Measure the man, not by what the jackals say today but by what the fighting men of his opponents said six months ago and there is something leonine.

One may be sorry for Johnson (and I am) and yet recognize that the real tragedy is not his. His failure has made it harder for any other man to do what thousands of men and women believed one time or another he could do. A dead general or even an unsuccessful commander is of only passing importance, but a lost cause, a compromised cause, that is something else. And the real rejoicing in Washington over the collapse of Johnson is based upon the conviction, the accurate judgment that it will be harder for anyone else to do what, for a moment, it was feared Johnson might do. Regularity has won a new victory, the name of its latest victim is only momentarily significant.

Yet must we not be on our guard against letting regularity exploit this victory too completely? Johnson did not in the last analysis fail because he was violent, passionate, vindictive, destructive, because he rejected party discipline and took his own line. No, while he was and did all of these things, not always well, frequently unwisely, men still followed him and other men still feared him. It was not while he was Johnson, Johnson as masses of people saw him and believed him to be, that defeat and discredit overtook him. No, it was when consciously or unconsciously, deliberately or heedlessly he permitted himself to be penetrated and absorbed by the enemy, became for those who followed him indistinguishable in thought and in action from those men whom he was expected to destroy, that the end came.

Everybody remembers how, in the Civil War, at Chancellorsville, "Fighting Joe" Hooker having skilfully taken his army across the Rapidan and outmarched Lee, suddenly passed from the offensive to the defensive, began to entrench when his army expected him to attack and opportunity beckoned. He, whose very sobriquet advertised his daring spirit, inexplicably lost confidence in himself, ceased to be himself—and in the afternoon came Jackson's attack, defeat and a little later resignation. Chosen as the antithesis of McClellan, he ended like McClellan because he finally adopted the tactics of McClellan.

That, after all, is, I think, in the main the story of Johnson. He lost confidence in Johnson. Having preached and practised attack, in the hour when attack was all essential, he began to "dig in." Seeking to replace men who had failed because of their method, he adopted their method and was rejected by those who would have followed him no matter where, had he only advanced. The fighter wouldn't fight, what more to be said?

Because this man did once, for a moment believe in himself, challenge regularity, inspire hope and confidence in the minds of many, because of the fear he aroused, because, oh greatly because of the rejoicing his fall has evoked and because of the people who rejoice, I lament for Hiram Johnson.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Starry Weather

Though she is dead and I alive,
Life is not so bitter
When the deeps of night arrive
With their absolving glitter.

How far away can Celia be?
No farther, dead, than I
Who, living, am as lost as she
In the starry sky.

WITTER BYNNER.

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Social Discovery

IN this book* Mr. E. C. Lindeman advances a hazardous claim on behalf of his own results. They are, he says, more in the nature of science, and consequently, a nearer approximation to the truth than are the ventures of previous invaders of the disorderly realm of social theory. The claim is as familiar as it is hazardous. For more than one hundred years philosophers have written books on human nature in its social and political manifestations which pretended, as compared with previous essays in the same region, to the virtue of being demonstrably scientific. Yet their successors have almost always denied the pretension. The new social science has persistently condemned the formulas of its predecessors as mere pseudo-science. The forum of the social sciences is encumbered with the débris of ambitious structures whose grandiose ruins fascinate the attention of innocent tourists, and whose value will consist chiefly in providing fragmentary material out of which really human habitations can be built. Yet undeterred by the ill-success of their predecessors, subsequent social scientists bravely flourish the same pretension. Their vision of the truth about society is alleged to be true in a sense and to an extent that the vision of their predecessors was not true.

Is Mr. Lindeman in advancing this claim treading on safer ground than that of his predecessors? I believe he is. Hazardous as the claim may be, it is inseparable from knowing as distinguished from merely believing something about social processes; but while he accepts the risk as part of his task, he adopts every reasonable precaution to diminish its amount. He is exploring, as he is well aware, a land in which remote and unattainable heights frequently wear a deceptive appearance of proximity and in which human hunger and thirst breed hallucinations which for the moment are almost indistinguishable from realities. He has, consequently, provided himself with a special equipment which consists primarily in taking little or nothing for granted and in being extremely wary. He may be more successful, because he is more disinterested, circumspect and modest.

The earlier social theory such as the "laws" of the first English economists, the economic determinism of Karl Marx and the arid mountain range of Herbert Spencer's sociology consisted of magnificent generalizations about the way in which man in society had to behave. Some of them enjoyed a considerable success as the theoretical spear-head of capitalist or revolutionary activities, but the more concrete their application and the more successful they were in winning converts, the more opposition they provoked. If they were comprehensive and non-contentious, as in the case of Herbert Spencer's law of social development, they were sterile as a clue to particular social processes. If they were successful in accounting for particular processes of great importance, as in the case of Ricardo and Karl Marx, their failure in accounting for other processes which were different but also particular and imposing was not less conspicuous. There was something wrong about the assumptions and the method on which these philosophers and social economists were working. They were setting themselves up as law-givers whose formulas determined the future behavior of man in society, but the formulas which pretended to express necessary human behavior really vindicated some important but special human activity which was itself steadily undergoing modification. These formulas were not, consequently, being satisfactorily verified in experience. The suspicion grew that they were being imposed upon credulous opinion as actual science, not because they were capable of verification, but in order to hide a dogma or an interest behind the screen of scientific authority.

As soon as it became apparent that pretentious general formulations of the necessary conduct of man in society were thoroughly unscientific, social philosophers began to look in a different direction for an adequate account of what societies were and how they came into existence. They now began to conceive the behavior of man in society, not as determined by external forces in the same sense that the behavior of physical bodies is determined, but as an evolving process to which the purposes and the needs of individual human animals contributed essential sources of variation. They began to emphasize the freedom of man in society to determine his own destiny rather than the "laws" which circumscribed his behavior. The science of society was concerned with values as well as with facts and processes, and society itself was the product fundamentally of human contrivance and volition. This general attitude has dominated American thinking about social processes from the appearance of Lester Ward's Dynamic Sociology until recently. It conceived the truth about society as something which existed and would increase as the result of envisaging ideals, communicating them to others and inventing effective means to realize them. Its better future would derive from the beneficent activities of expert social engineers who would bring to the service of social ideals all the technical resources which research could discover and ingenuity could devise.

This approach to the social science was a substantial improvement on its predecessors. Its authors conceived society not as an achieved mechanism operated according to a formula but as a group of developing human activities undertaken to accomplish definable but adaptable human purposes. They proposed, consequently, to do away with the arbitrary dogmatism and the raw determinism of their predecessors, and to substitute a sociology which described social conduct in terms of its resident human values. In spite, however, of these improvements the new social dynamics still lacked the sceptical modesty of science. It expressed a vision of the life of man under social conditions which for the first time comprehended most of the essential and the peculiar facts and processes, but it had not achieved a method of dealing with this material which safeguarded it against intellectual and moral presumption. Conscious though the social philosophers were of what social conduct meant, they were still insufficiently wary of the limits of their own function in explaining this conduct and what relation their explanation and valuations could and should bear to the future conduct of man in society.

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish the generalizations

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of the dynamic sociologists from the speculative guesses about what society is and should be which have always been a favorite pastime of the philosopher. The new sociologists compared their guesses with a larger collection of facts than had the philosophers, but what they called their science still remained their reasoned and plausible guesses about what other people did. They collected facts in order to verify or not to verify their own theories. What they should have done was to collect facts in order to obtain light on the operation of those purposes which social agents were trying to realize. The values which these scientists read into the social process were not hypotheses which social behavior was actually verifying or failing to verify. They were only more or less imaginative, disinterested and well-considered speculations about social behavior which in spite of necessarily inadequate verification their authors still proposed as authoritative sign-posts.

Thus the new sociology did not escape a remnant of the subjectivism and dogmatism of its predecessors. It still erected formulas, which were usually determined by the general social outlook and interests or environment of the thinker, into orders which ought to determine social behavior. Its hero and factor, the social engineer, tended to become in practice a revised edition of the traditional law-giver who knew what was possible and good for other people and who proposed to mold them according to his ideas. The engineer was, indeed, theoretically a democrat, but his democracy took the form of attempting by legislation or by expert direction to improve the conditions under which the less fortunate members of society lived. No doubt many social reforms have been and will be accomplished in this way, but for the most part they redistribute social energy rather than economize it. The process of socialization comes thereafter to depend chiefly upon placing at the disposal of social engineers a machinery of economic, social or legal coercion. These experts do not know enough and should not pretend to know enough to justify them in the assumption of a responsibility so grave and yet so vicarious. Even though they acted in the name of a state whose decisions were supposed to be made righteous by popular consent, the consent would in the case of the great majority of the ordered individuals be fictitious. It would not be born of their active and intelligent participation.

Mr. Lindeman has, I think, succeeded in avoiding this pitfall. He is not examining and reconstructing society in the light of his particular guesses about what social values are and how they get realized. His hypotheses about social conduct are capable of objective verification because he confines them to an explanation of activities which human beings are actually carrying on. He does not propose to call the result science except in so far as the activities themselves are the product of understanding and are moving in the direction of order. His book contains little which measures up to his own standard of science. It is an ante-room rather than a room in which people will linger and live. Its value depends upon its success in explaining and illustrating a method. He sees the need of performing for the social sciences a task analogous to that which Francis Bacon proposed to perform for the physical sciences in publishing the Novum Organum. He tries to clear away some of the mythology and astrology which interfere with the ability of educated human beings to consider what the behavior of man in society really amounts to. He indicates a method which will in his opinion help them to penetrate a land which has proved to be so deceptive to so many previous travelers. He illustrates that method by some investigations which he has recently made into cases of social conflict and social coöperation. The net result is not grandiose but, such as it is, it is trustworthy. It is not only trustworthy; it is, I think, exciting.

Its consequences, if true, make it exciting. In so far as it is accepted it implies a re-survey of the great traditional types of human associations such as the church, the state, the industry, the guild and the family, in order to discover, if possible, what needs they satisfied, how well they did their work, under what conditions they did it well or ill, what conflicts they provoked and why, and what in the light of their past behavior can be said about their present condition and future survival. These new surveys would form the indispensable background to a continuing study of their present operation and of the way in which the more experimental modern essays in social groupings, such as political parties, labor unions, industrial trusts and consumers' or producers' coöperatives also operate. The social scientist would help the people who participated in social activities to become conscious of what they were about, of what object or objects they sought to accomplish, of the nature and strength of the obstacles and how well their methods were adapted to their purpose. The only way his science could be used to help them to better social achievement would be by stimulating them to a completer and more candid recognition of what they proposed to do. The completer consciousness of what they were doing might result in more control over their behavior in so far as control was equivalent to self-control.

The social science which would result from this conception would not consist of a group of speculations tied together by a logical bond and rendered more or less plausible by a comparison with facts. It would consist of a perpetual audit of social activities by participating agents who were also observers. It would consist of the method which these agents would use in order to discover the significance of social activities and in the partial insights which the application of the method at any one time to the activity of the particular social groups would produce.

These results would, so far as they went, be objectively scientific. They would be scientific partly for the negative reason that they would not pretend to explain or predict any more than they were entitled to explain and predict, and partly for the positive reason that in so far as they were trustworthy they would create states of mind which would lead to further achievements of the same kind. The trustworthy knowledge of social processes would never as the result of future growth assume a form which would justify the social scientist in calling himself a law-giver. He would remain an observer who imaginatively or actually participated in the activities which he observed.

Social science would consist, that is, in a body of recorded interpreted social practice which would be taught in the form of a method rather than in the form of a social encyclopaedia. It would become the articulate and methodical conscience of individuals participating in a society —the reflection of the steady and discriminating attention which human beings had achieved with respect to their own social activities. The fruits of this attention would be gathered in part in historical or in statistical records,

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but indispensable as such records would be, the authentic social science of any period would consist essentially in the whole collection of social projects which were then being undertaken, and of the means which were being used to achieve their success, but only in so far as human beings who shared these projects were conscious of what they were doing. It would be handed down from one generation to another, rather as an art is handed down than a science. The ability of any one generation to possess the science would depend upon their ability to practice the art and to know how they practiced it.

The opportunity to gain knowledge of this kind is inexhaustible. The social projects in which the human beings of any one generation are actively interested are usually ill-defined and frequently head-strong and doubtful ventures. They involve conflicts between smaller groups or within larger groups which for the most part cannot be waged successfully unless the individual is sacrificed to the group. These conflicts form the subject matter which the social discoverer of any one generation must share, examine, understand and manipulate in order to improve the practice of his art. It is not his business merely to quiet the conflict. If it were, he would be engaged in the familiar job of imposing by persuasion, cajolery or coercion, a way out of difficulties upon people who are incapable of finding a way out for themselves. He is not, that is, engaged in substituting coöperation for conflict on the theory that coöperation is always liberation and conflict is always frustration. Coöperation also means frustration when it demands the abandonment by one of the conflicting groups of some important need in the lives of their participating individuals. Coöperation of that kind is merely the perpetuation of the conflict under some more or less comely exterior but with the certainty that eventually it will be resumed. The primary function of the social discoverer is to understand. In relation to action it must always be expressed in alternatives rather than in some absolute objective. He is not engaged in doing any one thing. He is engaged in doing one thing or the other. But no matter what he does, he must know what the alternatives are and what each of them is likely to cost. He is never seeking or expecting a consummation. He is always seeking additional discovery.

For this reason it can be truthfully said that social science unlike other science has enemies to fight. Its enemy is any human being or collection of human beings who insist that human behavior in its individual or social aspect is something which can be consummated. If these people are right, there exists somewhere in the world, but presumably in their own minds, the knowledge of some final form into which individual and social behavior can and should fit, and it is the business of the wise and the good, whom they identify with themselves, to find out what that form is, and then fit inferior people into it. This is the conception of social science which, as I have already tried to explain, converts the scientist either into the accomplice of vested interests or into their dogmatic opponent. But it is a conception which will not disappear merely because its inadequacy is explained. It is the inevitable refuge of human beings who for reasons of their own seek to deprive other human beings of the opportunity for education and growth. Their social and psychological theories are arrogant and imperious because the people themselves are not disinterested. They declare that human nature is necessarily corrupt or that socialization is the job of engineers who are chiefly policemen because, if these allegations were not true, they would have no reasonable excuse for apotheosizing the obstacle which their interest offers to increasing human liberation. Their anthropological or social science is the rationalization of special interests or particular projects which seem likely to be modified or defeated whenever the life of the human beings who participate in these activities is released for fulfillment.

Should this conception of social science be true, human beings cannot learn much that is trustworthy about their conduct or that of the society in which they live unless they envisage other human beings as personalities capable of realization and growth. The disinterested pursuit of truth which is always the task of the scientist brings with it in the case of the sciences of human conduct a paradoxical result. The social psychologist cannot properly interfere with or dictate to the subject of his research. He cannot attribute truth to his own discoveries unless what he is discovering concerns the way in which human beings get themselves fulfilled. The authenticity of his knowledge of the conduct of other human beings depends chiefly upon their own knowledge of themselves; and they cannot know themselves truly unless they know themselves as engaged in activities which are making for the fulfillment of a self. In so far as their activities are being frustrated, or their personalities are being disintegrated, or the success of their projects demands the frustration of other human activities or lives, any knowledge which they think they have about these cases of human conduct is largely illusory. It consists at best of fragments which ignore their own limitations, of members which, to themselves, look like a whole body. Life is such that even these ignorant and distorted fragments continue to grow but they grow more distorted and more ignorant. They cannot grow more real or more completely themselves until they are consciously fitting themselves for a career of self-fulfilment in the light of the best available knowledge. What we know about human conduct increases as human conduct moves in the direction of conscious self-unfolding. If not it is sheer and dangerous illusion—illusion which is the more dangerous because it cannot survive without the forced draught of headstrong conviction and it cannot be enlightened without the shock of suffering and repentance.

HERBERT CROLY.

The Unuttered

Griefs forsaken now and lonely
And hurt that is too proud for sound,
Cluster together and rhythm the darkness.
Never let their names be found,
Lest loose syllables be tightened
For utterance, lest they should form
In twisted meanings. Know them as blowing,
Know them for ungathered storm.
Their soft motion will be broken
To quiet, like the stir of a dove,
Like the dropped leaf. Let them move.
They will not elude your silence,
They will make good love.

HAZEL HALL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Have We Exaggerated the Oil Scandals?

SIR: It would be useful if the New Republic would get some competent person familiar with the men higher-up to comment upon their attitude toward corruption. One would like to know whether they have any feeling of being different from everybody else. At first reading what goes on in Washington seems, indeed, awful, but on reflection it seems, at most, exaggerated. Almost all people like to have advantages accruing to them from connection with persons who can give something for less than its market value. Many of us know men in office who can get us precedence in opportunity, little privileges of one kind or another. Only if we are morbidly scrupulous do we think it wrong to get in ahead of some one else in the procession by such means. Nor if we are in such positions ourselves, do we maintain rigid impartiality toward all applicants.

But men who achieve success in politics or business are rarely if ever of the class of the morbidly scrupulous, and they are ready for small returns to confer large benefits. Of course, in the long run payment must be made, but as long as the victim is anonymous the matter does not seem so very serious. The taxpayer is the paragon of the anonymous and is emotionally considered, a natural resource, and the most convenient, since he pays in cash. Nature has put this fund at the disposition of the officeholder, and directly or indirectly, it answers all his purposes. He does not need to abstract the money from the till, but it is there to make good the needs that he has created by his generosities, and to rob every man, especially in the long run, is, emotionally, to rob no man. Is not this the feeling which in some degree almost all of us have, and is not the fault of certain men at present in the public eye, their overdoing of this sort of thing?

Everybody knows that the pork barrel means the payment by the taxpayer of benefits accruing to the politician. Everybody knows that getting the other fellow in some devious way to pay your expenses and a little more, is the way of worldly wisdom. Is there, then, any essential difference between the average citizen and these delinquents except that they are rather too unscrupulous, that they go *too* far? A public office is a public trust, but where does the trustee get his training?

LEO STEIN.

The Mexicans and Immigration

SIR: As regards your query, why are not Mexicans included in the new immigration law, I think I know the reason as far as California is concerned. Take for instance Fresno, where there are about as many Mexicans as Japs or Americans. There are not over half a dozen Mexican business men in Fresno. But there we find one Jap bank, one department store, three garages, repair shops, automobile agencies, many hotels, many restaurants, many poolrooms, newspapers, churches, etc., all for a population of, I judge, 3,000 Japanese. The same thing applies to Greeks and Armenians, not to mention the Jew. Fresno is no exception in the West.

The Mexican is a typical, shiftless wage slave. He works for almost any price; has himself shifted in colonies from fruit ranch to fruit ranch, where he lives and harvests the Sunkist California fruit under, *very often*, conditions far from sanitary. He is the club the exploiter uses to keep the white fruit tramp in submission and on the go. The same applies to the Filipino, only he is not as shiftless as the Mexican. California is drawing heavily on him of late. No doubt these two will replace the Italian in the future.

A. SCHNEIDER.

Portland, Oregon.

Meredith and Thoreau in Germany

SIR: A recent letter from Hans Reisiger, the Munich poet, contains a paragraph or two which, it seems to me, bring out peculiarly well the German in several characteristic and suggestive ways. Here they are:

"I have been busy lately translating a very wonderful English novel, The Egoist. It has been hard work as it is a volume of some 800 pages, written in a style so peculiarly individual that it is almost untranslatable. But I hope to have succeeded fairly well. It will appear soon.

"While I am speaking of translations, I may say that I have received from America several letters apropos of my Whitman volumes suggesting that I do the same for Thoreau. I should like to do so and may do so, though at present I feel somewhat weary of translating and am more inclined to return once more to original composition of my own, notwithstanding the fact that circumstances are not very favorable at this moment in Germany to work of this kind."

Verily, in what other country in such a "hole" as is Germany at the present moment would translators and publishers go back into the comparative past and bring forth classics of such rather out-of-the-way foreign authors?

THEODORE STANTON.

State University, New Brunswick.

Congress and Child Labor

SIR: From the start I have stood with my chief, Felix Adler, for the child labor movement; but is it not going a little far to give Congress power, as is now proposed, to prohibit labor under the age of eighteen? When I think of strapping boys and girls in my country neighborhood up in New Hampshire whose parents find it hard to support them after they are fifteen or sixteen, and who show few signs of being able to profit by further schooling if it were given them, it seems extreme and almost ridiculous to prevent forcibly their hiring themselves out to drive teams or chop wood or be "help" in a neighbor's house. It may be said that actually Congress will probably not prohibit, but only regulate or limit; if so, why give it power to prohibit? So, of course, it may choose to prohibit only under the age of fifteen or sixteen, but if this is really the only reasonable choice for a requirement that is to hold throughout the land, why not determine accordingly in the proposed Amendment to the Constitution itself? Have we not carelessly drawn amendments enough already (the Sixteenth and Eighteenth, with their sweeping grants of power over individuals)?

I attach no particular importance in this connection to "states' rights" objections, which you seem alone to consider in your last issue. Doubtless it would be better if the "states" remedied the present grave evils themselves. But "better" generally fails in certain realms of this troubled and unsatisfactory world. Did not John Morley once call politics a "science of the second best" (and by this not at all meaning "politics" in our cheap American sense)?

WILLIAM SALTER.

Washington, D. C.

Our Hired Servants at Washington

SIR: The joy with which I usually read the New Republic has been impaired this week by the following sentence: "The faith of the nation in its rulers has been profoundly shaken." I have no doubt this is essentially true and in my opinion it is one of the best things that ever happened. What disturbs my serenity is your unhappy use of the servile term "rulers." It betrays an attitude toward political accidents which is unworthy of a paper like the New Republic.

The individuals who have been caught stealing and lying at Washington, and those who uphold them, are not our "rulers." They are our hired servants. Their predicament now is that of a servant who has been taken in the act of picking his employer's pocket. If the people despise and distrust them for it so much the better for the perpetuity of sound American institutions and genuine freedom.

Experience teaches only too well that, with some exceptions, a public servant will be as unfaithful and treacherous to his employers as the easy confidence and lazy neglect of the public make safe for him. The prudent attitude of the people toward their elected servants is, therefore, not by any means the "faith" which you so dislike to see shaken but an "eternal vigilance" which is only faintly distinguishable from eternal suspicion.

C. H. CHAPMAN.

Cornwall Bridge, Connecticut.

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All God's Chillun and Others

Catskill Dutch, by Roscoe Brink. Belmont Theatre.
The Man Who Ate the Popomack, by W. J. Turner. Punch and Judy Theatre.
All God's Chillun Got Wings, by Eugene O'Neill. The Provincetown Players.

CATSKILL DUTCH was a long, conscientious, rather boring study of rural life along the Hudson after the Civil War. There is a good deal of this sort of naturalism being turned out in America now. No longer than ten years ago, American critics were still complaining of the scarcity of realism in American fiction and drama; that was the period of the popularity of Arnold Bennett and Stanley Houghton's Hindle Wakes, and almost nobody in America except Dreiser, was doing anything of the sort for us. But now the formula has been discovered; dozens of people are applying it. The writer recently had occasion to go through the manuscripts submitted in a magazine short story contest and, in spite of the popularity of realistic novels like Sinclair Lewis's and Miss Cather's, was astonished by the unanimity with which the formula had been adopted: of the three ablest writers who emerged, one wrote about the Jews on the East Side of New York, one about the Negroes in the South, and a third about the suburbs of San Francisco. All three, like Mr. Brink, wrote competently and sincerely; but none had much that was vivid or personal to communicate. Like Mr. Brink, they tended to be even duller than the life they were dealing with.

Thus we are getting the backwash of the naturalistic movement—as we have of many other movements—when Europe is just leaving it behind. What is called expressionism represents an attempt to get away from the literal methods of realism—as the cubism of Picasso and Braque represents an attempt to get away from the photography of nineteenth century painting. The expressionistic method, as Mr. Stark Young has said, is "merely the poetic method." But it is an attempt to write poetically on the part of people who have been brought up on the science of naturalism. It was easy for Shakespeare to disregard literal realism and to make people speak their inmost minds in the non-colloquial language of the imagination, because he had no Galsworthy and Hauptmann to unlearn, But the poet today has to take his original conception, which is almost always in terms of naturalism and impose poetry upon it—just as the modern painter has to take a conventional still-life and by main force hack it to pieces and try to shuffle them anew. Hence the lame allegories and discordant conceits of such a play as The Man Who Ate the Popomack—a pioneer English expressionistic comedy. The Man Who Ate the Popomack, though it has a dash of wit and some charming speeches (particularly in the Chinese scene) is on the whole rather an unsatisfactory medley of a little Shaw, a little Galsworthy, a little expressionism, and a residuum of jokes from Punch (the man who comes to dinner in the diving suit). The difficulties of the fairy tale mixed up with the modern drawing-room comedy seem to have been felt acutely by the producers, who have radically altered Mr. Turner's text and presented as a conventional dream what the author meant to be shown as actually happening. I don't think they have improved the play in this way; I prefer Mr. Turner's version. But then it is true that Mr. Turner had not solved the problem himself.

A much better play than either of these, All God's Chillun Got Wings, by Eugene O'Neill, also shows signs of an attempt to impose subjective fancies upon an idea objectively conceived. The Provincetown Players, in producing the play, have disregarded the idea, which appears in the author's text, of having the walls and ceiling of the room contract as the situation becomes more oppressive, but they have made him a present of a curious church with a waist like a human being and flying buttresses of brick which seem to be streaming away to the wind. Both those devices strike one as rather mechanical, as not belonging with the rest of the play; but, in any case, they are unimportant and are not typical of the treatment of the whole. O'Neill has made a more effective departure from the cumbersome naturalism of the "transcript from life" of the type of Catskill Dutch, by throwing overboard most of its detail. He has sheared away everything except the relation between his two central characters and, in doing so, he has gained intensity, one of the things that American realism needs most.

For the rest, All God's Chillun Got Wings, is one of the best things yet written about the race problem and among the best of O'Neill's plays. Two of O'Neill's chief assets as a dramatist seem to be, first, a nervous driving force which carries the audience inescapably along, and second, a gift for writing eloquently the various forms of the American vernacular. Both of these All God's Chillun has. It is not quite so consistently well-written or attractive as The Hairy Ape or The Emperor Jones; it has its harsh notes and raw expanses. But then it is perhaps more satisfactory in showing two equally solid characters in collision instead of only one character wrestling with himself.

Another thing about O'Neill—which sets him apart from the other American dramatists, who tend merely to modify the conventional American comedy in the direction of Shaw or Sinclair Lewis—is that he nearly always, with whatever crudeness, has something real, something derived directly from life, at the bottom of his plays. The scene and the characters are sometimes bleak enough—as in the latter part of All God's Chillun—but at any moment they are likely to establish a violent electric contact between the audience and themselves by taking on the awfulness and the power of naked natural forces. This was true even of Welded—which failed, it seems to me, largely through not being well enough written. Mr. O'Neill, in cases of this sort, I believe, does not pay enough attention to style. A play, like anything else that is built of words, is primarily a work of literature, and even the sincerest and most vigorous dramatic idea cannot be trusted to make its effect without the proper words to convey it. All but the very greatest actors are capable of betraying a carelessly written text, but an eloquent and accurate text will speak for itself in spite of all but the very worst. Mr. O'Neill's eloquence seems to diminish in direct proportion to his distance from the language of the people. At one pole, you have The Hairy Ape, his best-written play; at the other, Welded, perhaps his worst. In All God's Chillun, you see the barometer rising and falling—between the conventional language of melodrama, and the racy, the vivid and the true.

EDMUND WILSON.

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The Male Quartette

Looking at Life, by Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
..Many Minds, by Carl Van Doren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Port of New York, by Paul Rosenfeld. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.
The Creative Life, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE growing importance of criticism marks a stage in the process of what Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has called America's coming of age. Whereas a few years ago a single collection of essays dealing more often than not with Europeans or the classics, constituted the critical output of a year, the present publishing season has been marked already by four volumes of criticism dealing entirely with the product of American artists, and illustrating four different critical methods pursued with signal persistence and competence.

In the practice of any art there are three factors—the artist, the material in which he works, and the audience to which he addresses his result. To these the critic adds himself as a fourth member in special relation to each of the original three. He stands beside the artist in understanding of his effort. He follows the creative process by which raw material is converted into a work of art. He is the leader of the audience in appreciation of the result. It is to be expected that the critic, according to his temperament will emphasize one or the other of these factors. Thus, Mr. Van Doren by his own account regards himself first of all as the next friend and sponsor of his author; Mr. Rosenfeld is chiefly concerned with the significance and beauty of the finished product; Mr. Lewisohn has his eye on his public—his criticism is largely explanation and interpretation to them of the creative process and its relation to life.

But there is a fourth attitude in which the critic is his own reason for being, and his interest and curiosity the determining motives of his activity. Of this unofficial journalistic criticism which bloweth where it listeth Mr. Floyd Dell is an exponent.

Mr. Dell has happily described this process in his title: Looking at Life. The volume is made up of fugitive pieces, recaptured from the Masses and the Liberator between 1914 and 1923. In their variety they testify to Mr. Dell's range of interest and in their gusto to the depth of his feeling. It is said of the most erudite of New York dramatic critics that he knows everything except what he likes. Floyd Dell, if he knows nothing else, knows what he likes. He likes talking in bed, old Greenwich Village, slap-stick comedy, Arnold Genthe's photographs of dancing, Arthur Ficke's sonnets, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, William McFee. He likes Vachel Lindsay's voice, and almost claims it as his own by virtue of discovery. (Mr. Lindsay assures us that he found his own voice when a baby.) He finds pleasure not in artists and their work, but in the public which envelops them. Thus he enjoys, in retrospect, the pathetic silliness of his own trial for sedition, and the banality of John Drinkwater's Lincoln. On the other hand, even prohibition has not converted him to a liking for booze.

Mr. Van Doren quite reverses Mr. Dell's procedure. To quote his own apologia, "the shortest of the pronouns is almost the rarest of the words he uses." His attention is fixed not on himself but on the subjects of his criticism as "the source and end and test of the critic art." "The authors who mean enough to warrant criticism do not always reveal their meanings unmistakably." Since their works have appeared at various periods and under different circumstances to a public whose journalistic habits make difficult any complete appreciation, they need an interpreter. Such Mr. Van Doren most capably is.

"Intending to exercise no craft but that of sympathy, he turns the documents of his author over and over until he had found what he believes to be the central pattern."

In a striking number of cases his labors have been rewarded by testimony from the subjects of them that "Mr. Van Doren has come as close to their design as any critic can decently be expected to come." In some, doubtless, he has the secret triumph of revealing to his authors patterns of which they themselves were not fully conscious.

At all events his concern with the personality behind the work is responsible for his emphasis on a fourth category of criticism. In addition to the stock inquiries, so often heard: Is it true; Is it good? Is it beautiful? Mr. Van Doren asks with most insistence: Is it alive?

In his pursuit Mr. Van Doren has followed quarries the most various by trails the most diverse. His range in the present volume extends from George Ade's Fables in Slang to George Santayana's Life of Reason, and includes within these foci Mary Austin, E. W. Howe, Stuart P. Sherman, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, H. L. Mencken, and Carl Sandburg. And in both the historical and contemporary fields he has won the triumph of discovery of "being the first to recognize" Herman Melville in the former, Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay in the latter.

Toward the younger generation Mr. Van Doren is conspicuously friendly; and on the whole his method eschews slaughter. He calls attention to the absence of bloody scalps, the critic's recognized trophies, at his belt. He is a hunter who shoots with the camera instead of the gun.

In sharp contrast to the eclecticism of Mr. Dell and the catholicity of Mr. Van Doren, Mr. Paul Rosenfeld writes of a group of artists who are connected by personal associations which found a centre in Mr. Alfred Stieglitz's studio at 291 Fifth Avenue. It would be absurd to speak of Mr. Rosenfeld as lacking interest in the personalities of these men and women or in his own connection with them. He constantly gives delightfully intimate sketches of them; but he fixes his attention

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on what they have brought forth from the material on which they have been engaged through the media which they employ, the oils and pastels of Ryder and Kenneth Hayes Miller and Marsden Hartley, the water colors of John Marin, the criticism of Van Wyck Brooks and Randolph Bourne, the fiction of Sherwood Anderson, the poetry of William Carlos Williams and Carl Sandburg, the music of Roger Sessions, the teaching of Margaret Naumburg, the camera work of Alfred Stieglitz. These artists are united in his choice, not by any casual association but by their possession of a single quality which is his test of their significance. He conceives that they give their work not only life but the power of reproduction, of communicating that life to the world of which they are part. For Mr. Rosenfeld they represent creation —their works at different times gave him "the happy sense of a new spirit dawning in American life, and awakened a sense of wealth, of confidence and of power which was not there before."

Thus Mr. Rosenfeld writes out of a deeper and more generic sense of the contribution of art to the life of his time than do Mr. Dell or Mr. Van Doren. Over against the culture of the schools, which comes from knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, he asserts the deeper culture which consists in "realizing all the possibilities for life shut inside one, and simultaneously finding oneself one with the people." In this conception of culture, it is akin to the processes of cultivation as applied to land, of craftsmanship as applied to tools, of coöperation with fellowmen in society.

This preliminary working over and enriching of the soil which has come to Europe through countless generations of peasants and artisans Mr. Rosenfeld feels that above all America lacks. "The warmth of the human hand had been witheld. Men had not used the soil as lovers use. Men in working the soil had not thought of the future generations. Men in touching materials had not touched them out of the secret need of coming to other men, of speaking and pouring forth something of which their head was full." Hence Mr. Rosenfeld chooses for his gallery critics who have consciously or artists who have unconsciously recognized this primitive need of artisanship and have worked in full understanding of their material and tools and full sympathy with their fellowmen. For it seems," as he writes of Margaret Naumburg, "that the human being has to have these two touches, one of himself through his materials, and another of himself through his fellows, that he can bloom and grow." It is this penetration by art of the material stuff of life that gives him his almost physical appreciation of Sherwood Anderson's writing.

"Into the ordered prose of Anderson the delicacy and sweetness of the growing corn, the grittiness and firmness of black earth sifted by the fingers, the broad-breasted power of great laboring horses, has wavered again. The writing pleases the eye. It pleases the nostrils. It is moist and adhesive to the touch, like milk."

It is perhaps as a kind of symbolism that Mr. Rosenfeld emphasizes the reproductive power in the works of art which he contemplates, through physical suggestions of sex which seem quite arbitary or through interpretation according to a sexual scholasticism which seems fantastic, as in the case of Ryder. "It was the sexual expression of the mechanism of resistance to the present moment that kept the foregrounds comparatively empty, and gave interest preponderantly to the middle and upper reaches of the canvases," etc. If this is an essential part of Mr. Rosenfeld's method and if by this method he forwards his design of making criticism a handmaid to creation, we can pardon him.

From his title it might seem that Mr. Lewisohn in The Creative Life was like Mr. Rosenfeld concerned with art and the artist. It appears, however, that his preoccupation is chiefly with the fourth factor in criticism—the public to which the message of the artist is addressed and which by its attitude largely determines the conditions of the creative life. His volume is made up of essays dealing with topics such as Forms and the World, Lift and Uulift, The Fallacy of Technique, Tradition and Freedom, Discipline and Culture, Literature and Life. He mentions specific works and artists only by way of illustration. Most of these essays are concerned with the public function of literature; indeed in his prologue Mr. Lewisohn states explicitly: "It is the remediable moral suffering in the world that crowds my vision—the remediable moral suffering remediable by a little hard thinking, a little tolerance, a little more goodness, a little less righteousness." This eminently schoolmasterly sentence finds echo elsewhere in the volume.

Mr. Lewisohn is always the teacher, patient, earnest, wise. He often uses the approved pedagogic method of the Socratic dialogue, wherein his protagonists always speak so as to be overheard. He delights to make clear certain of the moot terms of criticism. "All art," he explains, "is symbolic. Realistic art symbolizes by essences; romantic art, under whatever newer name, symbolizes by substituting analogous phenomena for those that had aroused the creative energy of the poet"— and we are grateful for the illumination. He is also the disciplinarian. He takes to task his fellow dramatic critics of New York for their philistinism, and the theatre-going public of that city which defines the taste in the theatrical production for the whole country, for its frivolity and cant. Especially does he castigate such degenerate social habits as the censorship, practised with public connivance by dirty little minds like Mr. Sumner's.

Altogether Mr. Lewisohn's book is a useful complement to Mr. Rosenfeld's, and if it does not actually sow the seeds of creative life or subdue by plow and harrow the soil in which such seeds must grow, it schools the public into cherishing the tender shoots as they appear, and warns it emphatically to keep off the flower beds. After all, as the Bible says, Paul planted and Apollos watered, but God giveth the increase.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Byron's Last Journey

Byron: The Last Journey, by Harold Nicolson. New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company. $4.00.

THIS is one of those books which "it is a positive pleasure to read;" one which even a reviewer is sorry to finish. What more can one say? Why, those who wish to be disagreeable will not fail to say that it shows the influence of the author of Eminent Victorians. Of course it does: Mr. Nicolson and M. Maurois are the two most brilliant members of that new school of biography of which Mr. Strachey is the master. But to whom that is discreditable, or why it should be discreditable to anyone, is more than I can make out.

Mr. Nicholson makes the last year of Byron's life fall very neatly into three parts. First: why did he go? The fifty pages in which that question is raised and answered are perhaps the most lively in this most lively book: also, they are, to me at any rate, convincing. In the spring of '23 Byron was bored as even Byron had never been bored before: he was bored with his whole way of life; he was bored with Italy and the tenth-rate people he met there; he was bored with his own reputation and with being an incessant raree show; he was more than bored with the dreadful Hunts and their filthy brats and the whole tribe of touchy, enthusiastic malcontents which Shelley had left on his hands; worst of all, he was sick to death of his mistress, and, as ill luck would have it, this mistress was a person whom he could not shake off without some decent excuse. Well, there was Greece; and in a dashing chapter Mr. Nicolson sketches enough of the European situation to explain why Greece was there.

One of the things that Mr. Strachey has taught the younger generation is the art of drawing characters without sacrificing documents, or rather the art of building them up out of documents. Mr. Nicolson is his aptest pupil; without being less easy and entertaining than M. Maurois he contrives to be much more scholarly. In this first part of his book he depends a good deal on Lady Blessington—too much perhaps. For her ladyship seems to have been a silly woman with a taste for sentimental high-falutin, who, when Byron "played up," took all that he said for serious self-revelation: beneath the cynical and raffish exterior she was bent on finding a sensitive and gentlemanly soul, and his lordship was very willing to produce one. I am sorry, too, that Mr. Nicolson should have added his pleasant tones to the disparaging clamor against the Guiccioli. What precisely was her offence I have never been able to learn, but suppose it to have been that she was a foreigner and a lady. That she was the former shocked English men of letters; it was the latter, no doubt, that irritated Mrs. Shelley and her crew.

Part two: on board The Hercules, Argostoli, Metaxata. No document that I know of obliges us to share the author's slightly melodramatic conception of the voyage as something felt from the first to be "fatal." "He knew that the only positive action of which he was still capable was death. And was it positive? No wonder that he crouched there, sullen and despairing, in the stern." "Sullen and despairing," or bilious and peevish? Be that as it may; the great surprise to most readers in this part of the book will be Mr. Nicolson's view of Trelawny. Mr. Nicolson does not like Miss Mayne's "great gentleman," and has no difficulty in showing—and shows brilliantly—what a noisy, ignorant, conceited blackguard the man was. But surely there is more to be said about the writer of the Recollections and of those letters. Surely one can see in Trelawny, not only the writer, but that which made him write as he did. For Trelawny is one of those— Cobbett is another, and Byron himself, in his letters, a third—whose prose is remarkable just because it takes so decisively the imprint of a remarkable character. A man who had no more in him than Mr. Nicolson allows might have written better than Trelawny, but could never have written as Trelawny wrote.

Missolonghi, in spite of Mr. Nicolson's detached and tolerably cynical tone, which he rarely drops, and when dropped the reader invariably regrets, is frankly terrifying. Never was rat more miserably trapped; never was trap set in a more lugubrious spot; never was man more hopelessly beaten, nonplussed, impotent, cheated, ill-used and alone. And it was Byron. What he suffered from the Souliots we know from his letters; what he suffered from Colonel Stanhope we know from the gentleman's letters to the London Committee ("Lord Byron mentioned his Panopticon as visionary. . . . I said that Bentham had a truly British heart.") He must have been ready to die: but Bruno and Millingen, with their imbecile notions and professional brutality, could not let him do even that in peace.

CLIVE BELL.

The Long Walk

The Shadow of the Cross, by Jean and Jérôme Tharaud. English Translation by Frances Delanoy Little. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Long Walk of Samba Diouf, by Jean and Jérôme Tharaud. English Translation by Willis Steell. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.75.

IT is not the imploring of an ancient people that comes through the first pages of The Shadow of the Cross. A book about the Jewish people who are the European ancestors of our Ghetto and Riverside Drive, commences upon a stage that is the earthen floor of their poor synagogue. Its people first speak to us in a dispute over three times 180 florins that have been left in legacy to the community. This is the particular honesty of mind brought to the situation by the Tharauds. The florins are to be used for copying a Thora for the synagogue, a holy book that requires months for its true composition. The men are gathered, talking. While a crazy vanity agitates the hands of some in a mad effort to convey a subtle difference of opinion, the hands of others are

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digging into their beards in the hope of finding an idea. A mad activity of life that catches lip and eye, hot and shining, up into the bad air of unwashed bodies—who is the holy person who is to do copying—who then will set out to commission Reb Eljé to do the work—who will go to Poland.

Meanwhile a Jew outside has bought up all the eggs, and is at work on the maize. . . . This is the clay that falls to the deft fingers of the Tharaud brothers, and of it they make a work with the quality that won for them the Prix Goncourt. With care and information and love, on through festivals and forms, they proceed; ever the qualities that mark this first gathering of the people repeat and dilate the idea of the people, these sad, quick, hot people that are insistently present through this story.

It is perhaps that very insistence which makes one leave these people of Israel sooner than one would care to, for the authors intuitively know an ancient race, have set forth the beauty of its forms in living, and have let us behold that which is the prophet in man. The men may trade, and wander; the women grow heavy and dull from their litters; but in the eyes of the children sparkles life, and in the form of the old men stands forth the austerity of the prophet.

One leaves The Shadow of the Cross certain of the sensitive and secure feeling that Jean and Jérôme Tharaud obtain in their usual collaboration. It creates a striking temperament, and a happy certainty that in the story of how a Senegalese went to Our War, no value of contrast or combination will be unused; for the Tharauds are not outside of that French tradition which comprehends the scale of niceties, if nothing else, and has given and supported a Molière tradition. We are in love with the idea of the Long Walk of Samba Diouf before we start. Nor do the Tharauds fail us. The narrative steps out with feet aware of the jungle.

Samba Diouf is about to set off to the country of the Foulahs, for an inheritance of cattle. Before he goes he brings the candle and the kola nuts of love-making to the door of Yamina. Samba has helped the old man with his clearing for years, with an eye on his daughter's beauty. The wealth of the dead uncle brightens her eyes, and she speaks of the beautiful cotton drawers that are woven in the country of the Foulahs. Certainly, if need be, Samba will sell a heifer to bring these drawers back. And Samba Diouf leaves for the south.

The little ticker the white men speak by is busy. A great war—not against the blacks, but the Alamans. Each village must send its share of men to the Manso, to the commandant. Samba, on his way from the village of the Niomi, is made welcome with palm wine by the mischievous Mandinguese. The tough sea-cow hunter is quickly bound by them and sent to the Manso instead of one of their own number. The long walk thus carries Samba to France, the land of the Toubabs, and the 113th Senegalese.

Finally they are taught enough to understand the simple ideas of one another and of their officers, and they come near the front, to fight at last; the reason that has put their millet and the village tree under which the Ancients sit so far behind them is achieved. But instead, they make roads. Feet spread wide from patting jungle paths are given immense shoes, which mud clings to. The Oulouf must sleep beside the shepherd from Peuhl. In the day the couche-couche (spear) stands idle in the tent, and rocks are broken. From far away in the jungle come letters; prices are high, and Samba is no longer at home to spear fish, and the old father must buy millet. Nor did Samba bring the expected legacy from the country of the Foulahs. Yamina is taken up with a strange man. All this incomprehensible drudgery the Toubabs call war.

What wonder then, if in the moolight there are dances, and the tom-tom beats. And wearied of dance, an excited black throws dust in the face of a neighbor, and they all fall to fighting among themselves.

Before these people have destroyed each other, the thrifty French move them to the front trench, that they may go with their yell and their whirling couche-couche against the enemy. The earth shakes, and thunders with splitting. At night the stars burst and the sky is afire. These white Toubabs are truly gods. Then the time comes to go over into that barren waste where the unseen enemy must be. Aoua! Aitia! Samba leaps over, and on. The head of a great blond youth comes off too suddenly and spatters him with blood; with blinded eyes he staggers on . . . . Then a hyena bites his shoulder, and all the trees of his native forest are falling on him. There are crashing trees, the piercing cry of monkeys, the frightful ramp of thousands of hooves, buffaloes, hyenas, panthers who run growling. The hatchets of the pirogue makers ever thudding at the trees. . . .

Samba comes home, out of it all, with a medal and his "little" (left) arm dead. Back to Niomi he comes; he brings his inheritance with him from the Foulah country. But his pirogue is destroyed in a typhoon while crossing the river, and most of the cattle are lost. And he has forgotten the drawers for Yamina. But there is peace and rejoicing in the village and a feast. Never will Samba hunt the crocodile in the river, or hold a paddle in his pirogue; never to spear fish again. But the tom-tom beats. Eh. Diouf! Tom-tom—Io. Diouf!

Something has been added to the paralyzing intensification of war we expected. It is a blending of mind and temperament, striking and beautiful because it is gentle and tender, and in it these Ancients, this Samba Diouf, live their lives, their own lives which are so utterly reasonable.

ALFRED STANFORD.

India in Ferment

India in Ferment, by Claude H. Van Tyne. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

PROFESSOR VAN TYNE has done a positive disservice to the British friend of his in India who promised that every door would be open if he would but go and see the Indian situation for himself. Every door was opened by this anonymous friend but Professor Van

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Tyne failed to enter many of these doors. The most important of all, the door of spiritual understanding, he neglected altogether. He has, it is true, given us a great deal of up-to-date information as to recent political events. Unhappily, he discarded his profession of historian to play the rôle of propagandist, else he would never have finished his arraignment of Gandhi before he began his description of the Rowlatt Acts, Amritsar and General Dyer. With Gandhi safely behind the prison bars Professor Van Tyne joins the government in heaving a sigh of relief, adding "As far as peace and order in India are concerned, all the results justified the action of government." Now that the peace and order of India have necessitated Gandhi's release from prison long before the end of his six years' sentence, Professor Van Tyne may trail after the government and revise his opinion also.

India in Ferment is rightly full of praise of that small minority of Englishmen who have worked for the development of responsible government in India. The endorsement of their efforts would have been more convincing if the author had shown any capacity to appraise the real India. He records a dazzled delight as the guest in Rajahs' palaces. He affirms belief in the educated Indian, but reiterates his lack of faith in the "untutored millions." Those who know the ryots of India know that in common with peasants everywhere they have great human qualities and that no peasantry has a richer contribution to make to an understanding of the great human values. To them the author has been unjust and as a chronicler he has been inadequate, for in his attempts to describe India in transition, he has written a book without a soul. E. C.

Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS has for a number of years been a reporter on the staff of the Baltimore Sun.

ALICE WHOLEY, the wife of a Pittsburgh psychiatrist, has done graduate work at Columbia and Harvard. She has had several short stories published and has given courses of lectures on the drama and the short story before various organizations.

FRANK H. SIMONDS, journalist, is the author of They Shall Not Pass—Verdun, 1916, and a History of the World War in five volumes.

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ALFRED STANFORD is the author of The Ground Swell. His second book, A City Out of the Sea, is to by published May 21.

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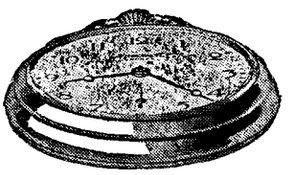

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